Saturday Review

January 25, 1969 35¢

Performance of the Year? Alec McCowen as Hadrian VII
(see Theater)

THE "SWITCHED-ON BACH" STORY
By Ivan Berger

WHO CARES FOR THE AGED
By Robert E. Burger

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One of the qualities I've admired about Herman Wouk is that he has never chosen to write the same book twice. Such a comment could be praising with faint damns; if a writer's books are not going where he wants them to go, he might do well to change the mixture. But for an author who has attracted many readers from the start to make each book a venture into new territory is raw courage. It not only argues with success, it asks those readers to take chances.

These remarks are prompted by Doubleday's recent, Twentieth Anniversary Edition of Wouk's second novel, CITY BOY. I read the adventures of Herbie Bookbinder after absorbing his third novel, *The Caine Mutiny*, and though the books had little in common except authorship, I liked CITY BOY immensely.

The so-called Jewish novel wasn't the thing to do then but Wouk wasn't interested in modish Jewishness; he was interested in what it was like to have been an All-American boy who grows up comfortable with the feel of sidewalks beneath his sneakers, alien to grass, who fumbles his way toward manhood against a macadam landscape.

John P. Marquand and Joseph Henry Jackson both saw Herbie as a Bronx Tom Sawyer and Lisle Bell wrote in the *Herald Tribune* that he was worthy of fellowship with *Penrod*.

"None of my novels has given me more pleasure in the writing," Wouk says, and this affection shows in the pleasure given the reader.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

City Boy: The Adventures of Herbie Bookbinder ($5.95), by Herman Wouk, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019.

Saturday Review

January 25, 1969

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SR: Ideas

14 Who Cares for the Aged?
by Robert E. Burger
"The basic need for a just, human, and respectful treatment of 20,000,000 aged Americans cannot remain unfulfilled."

18 The Secret of Nancy Drew—Pushing Forty and Going Strong,
by Arthur Prager
"The dauntless, bewitching girl detective is still happening, while other favorites dwindle and disappear."

20 More About the Shape of the Table: An Editorial

SR: Recordings

45 The "Switched-On Bach" Story,
by Ivan Berger
Bach on Synthesizer—". . . what it portends for electronic music is a viable future as a 'performing' art."

48 The Rolling Stones
Beggars' Triumph, by Ellen Sander

49 "Ariadne" Reconsidered,
by Robert Lawrence

50 Recordings in Review

52 Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

54 Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

56 Mostly Modernists: Epic II and Others,
by Martin Williams

58 The Other Side: "New" New Music and Old,
by Thomas Heinitz

60 Letters to the Recordings Editor

SR: Books

23 "White Power/Black Freedom,"
by Arnold Schuchter; "Business Leadership and the Negro Crisis,"
edited by Eli Ginzberg;
"Oakland's Not for Burning,"
by Amory Bradford:
An essay review by Lewis M. Steel

23 Index of Books Reviewed

25 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks

SR: Departments

4 Top of My Head: Goodman Ace

12 Trade Winds: James F. Fixx

21 Letters to the Editor

22 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert
"Shame"—pervasive guilt;
"The Sea Gull"—disappointing.

27 Your Literary I.Q.

34 Wit Twister No. 96

35 Literary Crypt

36 Booked for Travel: Arthur Goodfriend
The Cognoscenti Abroad—I: Gore Vidal's Rome.

40 The Theater: Henry Hewes
Alec McGowen Comes to Eminence—"Hadrian VII" comes to Broadway.

41 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin
A Fine Quartet from the U.S.S.R.

42 World of Dance: Walter Terry
"Gartenfest"—A dance adventure with Mozart.

66 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1816

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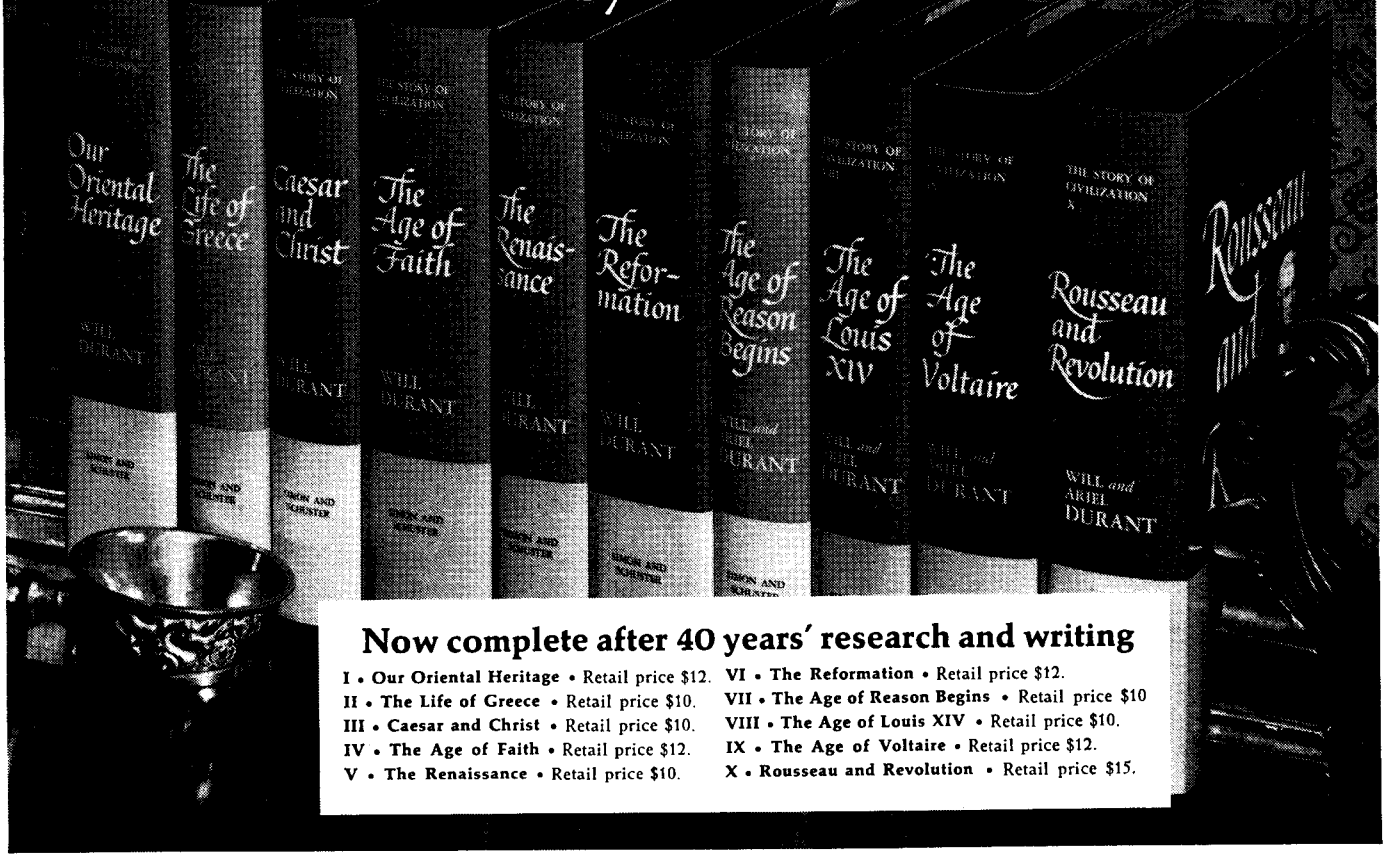

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Peacock That Lost Its Pride

IN THE TRANQUIL days of radio, the quiet medium, when a voice came over the air saying, "Jello again," a listener knew immediately who the sponsor was, and which product to buy to show appreciation for the program one had just enjoyed. There was then a feeling among listeners that to perpetuate their favorite programs they should cooperate by buying the sponsors' wares.

So identified were the performers with these products that it was not uncommon for a radio fan to walk into a store and ask for Amos 'n' Andy toothpaste, or Fibber McGee and Molly floor wax, or Ed Wynn gasoline, or Ben Bernie beer, or Rudy Vallee yeast, or even Easy Aces' headache tablets.

That's the way it was in radio. But in these days of television, just when you think you'll run out between programs to buy a Pontiac to demonstrate your appreciation with a vote of thanks for *That's Life*, a program sponsored by that auto maker, there suddenly appears a commercial for Kool cigarettes, which thinks the credit should go to it for sponsoring the show.

So you figure that it would be only fair to drive somewhere in your new Pontiac and pick up a pack of Kools. But before you go, you better wait for all the other sponsors that show up. You will learn it's better to give the United Way, so you write a check which you will mail when you stop in your Pontiac for a pack of Kools.

You'll also find you have to stop and buy some Purina dog food. (If you don't own a dog, buy one.) And pick up a bottle of Hammer soda pop, and a bottle of Old Spice after-shave lotion, and then drive your Pontiac like mad to get home in time to see Sammy Davis guest-hosting for Joey Bishop on the late show, a house commercial in the vast array of multiple sponsorships of *That's Life*.

Gone is the pride of sponsorship of old radio days. That's when sponsors, through their advertising agencies, were the creative force back of the entertainment we listened to. They created, produced, and delivered the shows to the networks. They controlled the intelligence and the good taste of the programs they bought. The advertisers believed the listening audience would respond to the commercials in ratio to the worth of the programs they sponsored.

Even in the early days of television the advertisers still prevailed. Until one day a scandal broke out on a TV quiz show, and the networks took back control of the entertainment. The network time salesmen became the creative force, the final judges of what we may watch on TV. And that's where TV is today—one high-rated program leads to a trend, and programs are practically xeroxed on the planning boards out in California, leaving television, for the most part, dull and unimaginative, very costly to the advertiser, and giving a feeling that if you've seen one program you've seen them all.

It's unfair, I know, to ask a sponsor to pick up the tab for an hour's entertainment, especially when you consider that a minute's commercial in prime time goes for about $50,000. However, there are a few who do. Chrysler for Bob Hope, for instance. When you thought of Perry Como you thought of Kraft cheese. And, of recent vintage, there are the wonderful little Charlie Brown shows, sponsored by a good vintage of Coca-Cola.

And as for sponsors of old movies, they go without saying. Would that they would. For what you would have to pay to buy all the products advertised during the run of one old movie, including station breaks, hitchhikes, and piggybacks, you could see first run movies in a theater every day for a year. To say nothing of the expense for a larger apartment you'd have to move into to house all the products you've accumulated.

There is, however, one bright and shining demonstration that the old-time glory and joy of being a sponsor of a television program are not gone forever. *Julia*, starring Diahann Carroll, is the program, and the sponsor is General Foods. There is another sponsor who shows up part-time now and then, but contractually General Foods is the sponsor that presents the program at its opening, and closes it with a seal of approval as it goes off the air.

The message is loud and clear, and it fairly preens as the announcer says: "*Julia*, brought to you with pride by General Foods." And as it closes, he declares: "*Julia* has been lovingly brought to you by General Foods."

Jello for everybody! It's on me!

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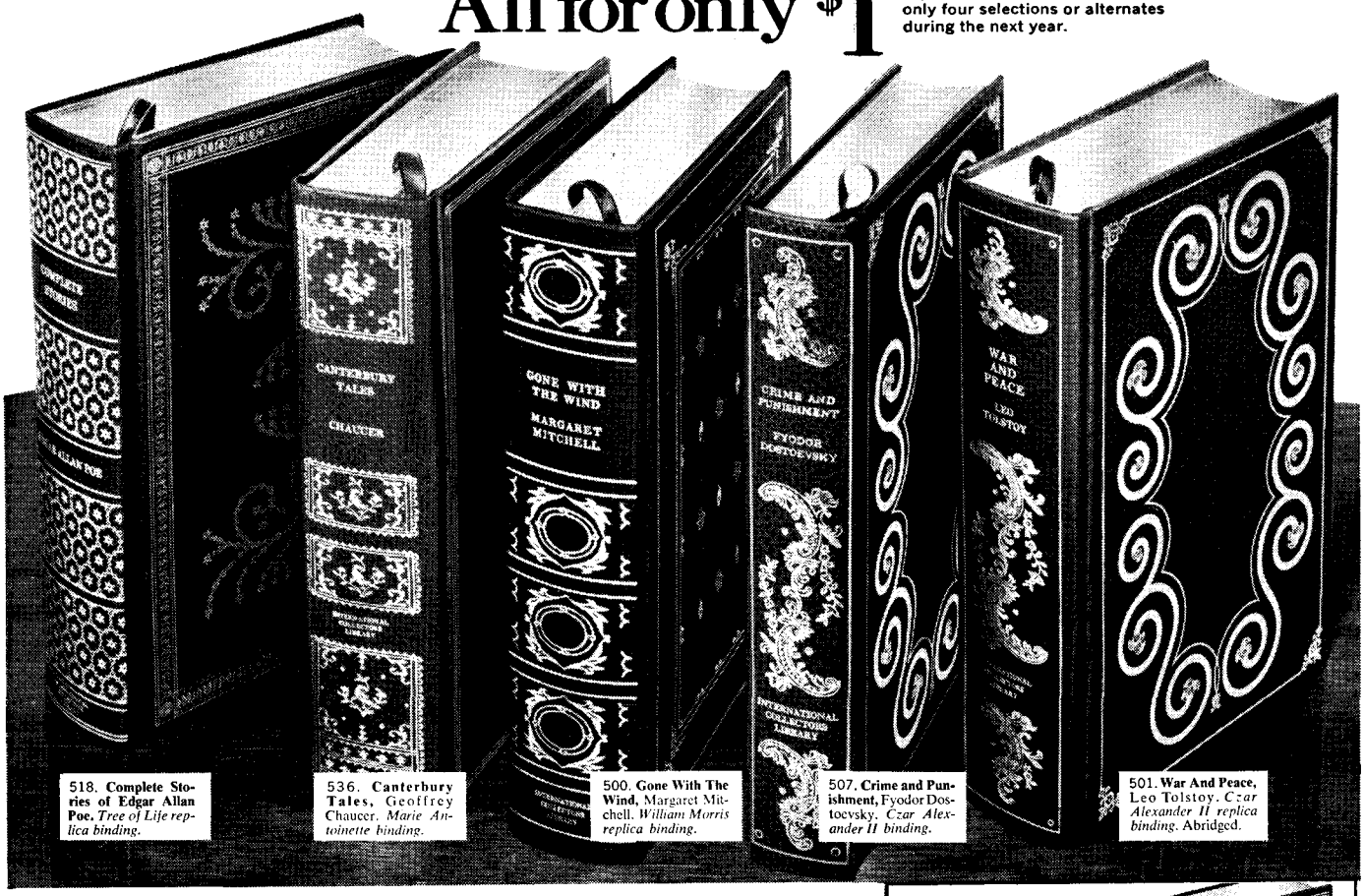

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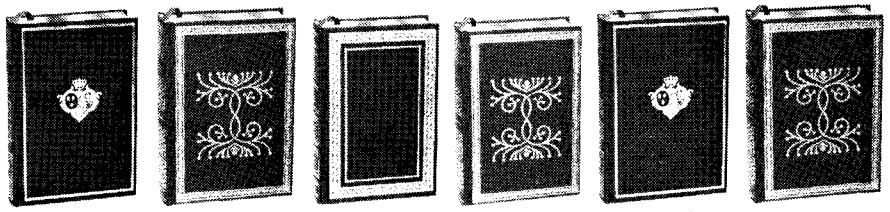

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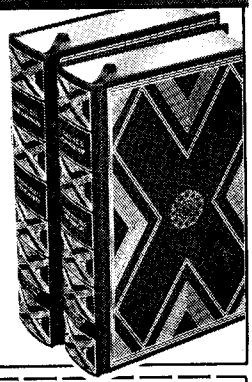

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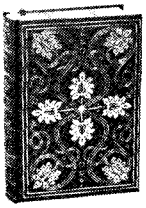

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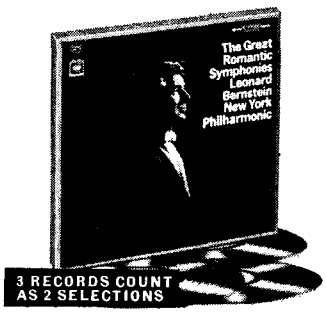

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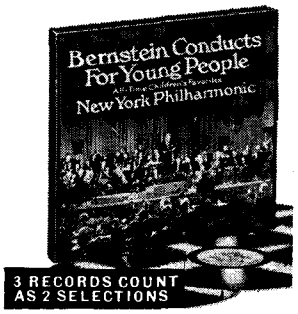

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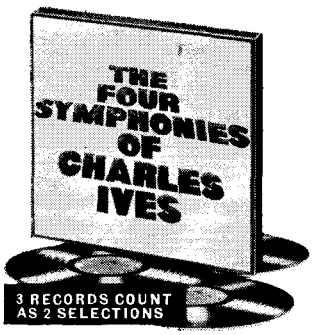

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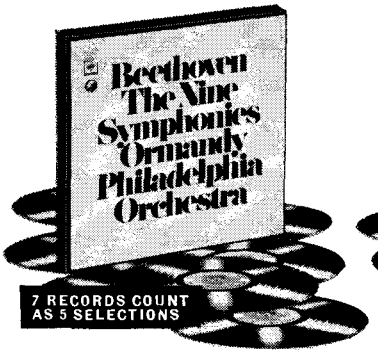
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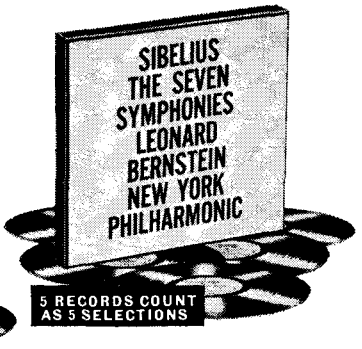

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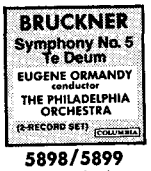

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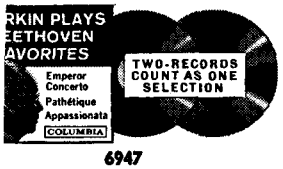

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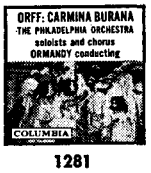

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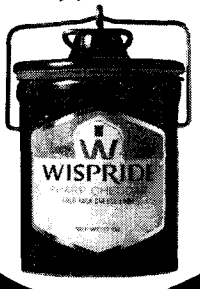

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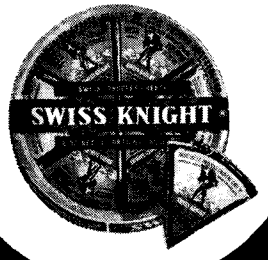

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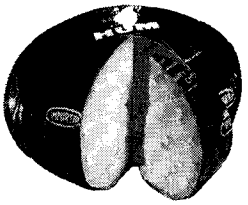

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Art

RENDERINGS: Critical Essays on a Century of Modern Art. By Max Kozloff. Simon & Schuster. $7.50.

THE SURREALIST REVOLUTION IN FRANCE. By Herbert S. Gershman. Michigan. $8.50.

Crime, Suspense

A CAPITAL CRIME. By Alexandra Roudybush. Doubleday. $3.95.

CATCH AND SQUEEZE. By Craig Cooper. Roy. $3.95.

DOUBLY DEAD. By John M. Patterson. Doubleday. $3.95.

AN EASY WAY TO GO. By George Harmon Coxe. Knopf. $4.50.

THE HASTY HEIRESS. By Paul Muller. Roy. $3.95.

Current Affairs

DIVIDED THEY STAND. By David English. Prentice-Hall. $6.95.

ISRAEL AND THE ARABS. By Maxime Rodinson. Pantheon. $5.95.

NEGROES FOR MEDICINE: Report of the Macy Conference. By Lee Cogan. Johns Hopkins. $4.95.

THE POWER OF THE UNKNOWN CITIZEN. By Paul Kresh. Lippincott. $4.95.

THE SECRET OF GONEN. By Gertrude Samuels. Avon. Paperback original, $1.25.

Fiction

CRYBABY OF THE WESTERN WORLD: A Novel of Petit Guignol in Long Beach, California. By John Leonard. Doubleday. $4.95.

DEAD STRAIGHT. By Donald MacKenzie. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

THE FAIRACRE FESTIVAL. By Miss Read. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

HOFFMAN. By Ernest Gebler. Doubleday. $4.95.

JASON GOOSE. By R. L. Duffus. Norton. $5.50

THE LOVING CUP. By Allan Prior. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

THE MISCREANT. By Lawrence O'Sullivan. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.95.

THE NATION WITHIN. By Francis Fytton. Pantheon. $4.95.

THE POWER SELLERS. By Patrick Hall. Putnam. $5.95.

TWO PRISONERS. By Lajos Zilahy. Stackpole. $8.95. (Reissue.)

THE SEARCH FOR ELISABETH BRANDT. By William Harrington. McKay. $6.95.

SETTING FREE THE BEARS. By John Irving. Random House. $5.95.

SOMETHING SOFT AND OTHER STORIES. By Roland Starke. Doubleday. $4.95.

TOUCHFEATHER. By Jimmy Sangster. Norton. $4.95.

UNTIL THE SUN FALLS. By Cecelia Holland. Atheneum. $7.95.

WE HAVE SEEN THE BEST OF OUR TIMES. By Nancy A. J. Potter. Knopf. $4.95.

History

A CULTURAL HISTORY OF THE ENLIGHTENMENT. By Norman Hampson. Pantheon. $6.95.

GODS AND HEROES. By Herbert Kubly. Doubleday. $7.95.

HARLEM ON MY MIND: Cultural Capital of Black America, 1900-1968. Edited by Allon Schoener. Random House. $12.95.

HEARD ROUND THE WORLD: The Impact Abroad of the Civil War. Edited by Harold Hyman. Knopf. $7.95.

THIRTEEN DAYS: A Memoir of the Cuban Missile Crisis. By Robert F. Kennedy. Norton. $5.50.

Miscellany

BALEIA! BALEIA!: Whale Hunters of the Azores. Knopf. $6.95.

EXPLORING THE MOON THROUGH BINOCULARS. By Ernest H. Cherrington, Jr. McGraw-Hill. $10.

FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE THROUGH COMMON STOCK. By Robert Merritt. Simon & Schuster. $6.50.

THE THEORY OF COMEDY. By Elder Olson. Indiana. $4.50.

THE TROUBLE WITH LAWYERS. By Murray Teigh Bloom. Simon & Schuster. $6.50.

Personal History

ANOTHER WAY OF LIVING: A Gallery of Americans Who Choose to Live in Europe. By John Bainbridge. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $7.95.

BYRON AND HIS WORLD. By Derek Parker. Viking. $6.95.

GUESTS NEVER LEAVE HUNGRY: The Autobiography of James Sewid, a Kwakiutl Indian. Edited by James Spradley. Yale. $10.

JENNIE: The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill; The Romantic Years, 1854-1895. By Ralph G. Martin. Prentice-Hall. $8.95.

PATRICK HENRY AND HIS WORLD. By George F. Willison. Doubleday. $7.95.

Poetry

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF RANDALL JARRELL. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $10.

POETS ON STREET CORNERS. By Olga Carlisle. Random House. $6.95.

SHORT HISTORY OF THE FUR TRADE. By Adrien Stoutenburg. Houghton Mifflin. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Political Science

CRISIS AND DECLINE: The French Socialist Party in the Popular Front Era. By Nathanael Greene. Cornell. $11.

FORCE AND FOLLY: Essays on Foreign Affairs and the History of Ideas. By Hans Speier. M. I. T. $12.50.

THE POLITICS OF CONSENSUS. By Sidney Hyman. Random House. $6.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

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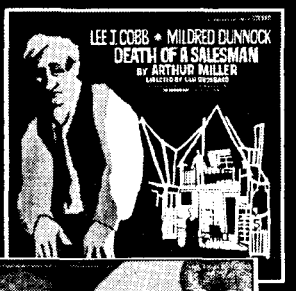

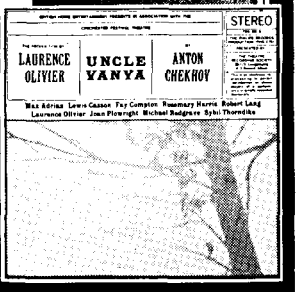

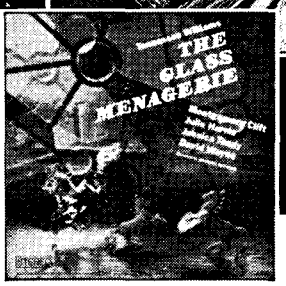

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Trade Winds

James F. Fixx

A lawyer in Mexico, Missouri, named Lakenan Barnes doesn't spend quite all his time practicing law. In spare moments he thinks up whimsical definitions and fires them off to people he thinks will like them. His latest, which he sent to me and which I do indeed like, is a definition of best seller: plot luck.

One of the most remarkable little books of the new publishing year is a 95-cent paperback called *The Me Nobody Knows: Children's Voices from the Ghetto.* It's edited by Stephen M. Joseph, published by Avon Books, and it consists of poems, stories, letters, and essays by ghetto children in New York City. The children range in age from seven to eighteen, and their work, despite difficulties with grammar and spelling, is variously appealing, poignant, and revealing. Consider, for example, this essay by a seven-year-old named Carlos:

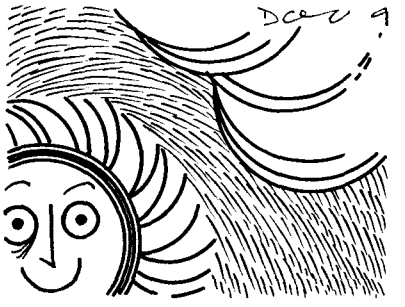
> A round my block There is a lat of glass and food and paper and people fight all the time. I like to people love each other.

Or this poem, entitled "Who Looks," by a fourteen-year-old girl named Nell Moore:

> Beneath the sidewalks
> to tunnels—
> merging
> separating—
> searching out the earthy blackness;
>
> Behind the neons
> proving
> camouflage
> for purple-veined faces;
>
> Past the faces—
> hiding
> selves.

Mr. Joseph, who in compiling the book sought out ghetto teachers who were encouraging their students to write, says in his introduction: "These children of the ghetto, if given the chance and an open climate to write, have a tremendous amount to say and are anxious to speak."

Tip of the week: If you should find yourself enrolled at Swarthmore College, be sure to sign up for a course with Laurence Lafore of the history department. An article in the *Swarthmore Alumni Bulletin* reveals him to be not only a pleasantly witty fellow but also a man who is refreshingly unimpressed by what's happening to the American language these days. In his article, called "Can't Control '68," Professor Lafore gives us a long list of words and phrases



which, for the best of reasons, he can't stand.

Of the word "hopefully," for example, he says: "The phrase 'hopefully the sun will shine tomorrow' means that 'tomorrow the sun will shine in a hopeful manner.' It does not mean anything else, and the use of the adverb as the equivalent of 'I hope that' or 'if we're lucky' is a barbaric solecism."

He has some strong opinions, too, on the use of "oriented" when preceded by some other word (as in, say, "overseas-oriented"). That, he says, "is a barbarism and must not be used except when accompanied by a sneer."

I like, too, his comment on the phrase "power structure." Says the professor: "Power structure means nothing whatever. It is even vaguer than Establishment, which at least stood for a description of British society, not a general sociological principle. The assumption that there is such a thing as a 'power structure' allows the erection of large, logical edifices on foundations of gas."

Professor Lafore says he has nothing against changes in language, but he argues that "it is a citizen's duty to his language to be slow, cautious and discriminating in accepting neologisms."

One author who might have reason to be a bit apprehensive these days, but says he isn't, is Gay Talese, former *New York Times* reporter and now that newspaper's emphatically unofficial biographer. Mr. Talese's book, *The Kingdom and the Power,* will soon be out and, to judge by a brief advance look, not everyone at the *Times* is going to feel exactly complimented by it. When I dropped by Talese's Manhattan apartment the other day for a chat, though, I found him amiable, relaxed, and seemingly confident that, for all the book's outspokenness, the people at the *Times* will think a lot of it.

"I think they'll like it," he said. "After all, all I'm doing is using the same standards of fairness and objectivity that I learned on the *Times.*" (Mr. Talese had plenty of chances to learn those standards, too. He was a copyboy there as far back as 1953 and a reporter from 1956 to 1965.)

Mr. Talese, who is in his mid-thirties, was dressed in checkered slacks and a bright red sweater, and he seemed to be enjoying himself as he described the genesis of his book. "In a way," he told me, "it really started back in 1939 or 1940 in my hometown of Ocean City, New Jersey. There was a very distinguished-looking fellow named Garet Garrett who had retired from the *Times* in 1916, and he used to come into my father's combination dry cleaning store and dress shop, and I'd hear him telling stories about the *Times.* I was only about seven at the time, but Garet Garrett made a real impression on me."

When Mr. Talese left the *Times* three years ago ("I wanted to write longer things"), he wrote an article for *Esquire* on the *Times*'s obituary writer, and then another on the managing editor, Clifton Daniel, and when, finally, he was offered a contract to do a book on the *Times* it seemed a natural and appealing thing to do.

"*The New York Times* is an important, enormously influential force," Mr. Talese said, "and so are a lot of the people who work for it. But they are almost totally unreported. I started out wanting to write a sociology of journalism, but it got much bigger than that. I've interviewed hundreds of *Times* people and gone way back into its history. I feel like a geologist."

Mr. Talese said he is sometimes haunted by the thought that in some way his book may have been preordained all along. When he was growing up he attended Ocean City High School, and as a result the school's initials—OCHS—were constantly before his eyes.

The founder of the *Times* was, of course, Adolph S. Ochs.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1815)

RUSSELL (WARREN) HOWE:
MEMO FROM TANGIER

Tangier now resembles no other African Muslim city. Arab and Berber girls wear knee-length caftans, pants, even swimsuits—without causing much comment. . . . And, "method ballet" troupes and jazz combos blossom among educated Berber youth.

From *Look,* Oct. 29, 1968.

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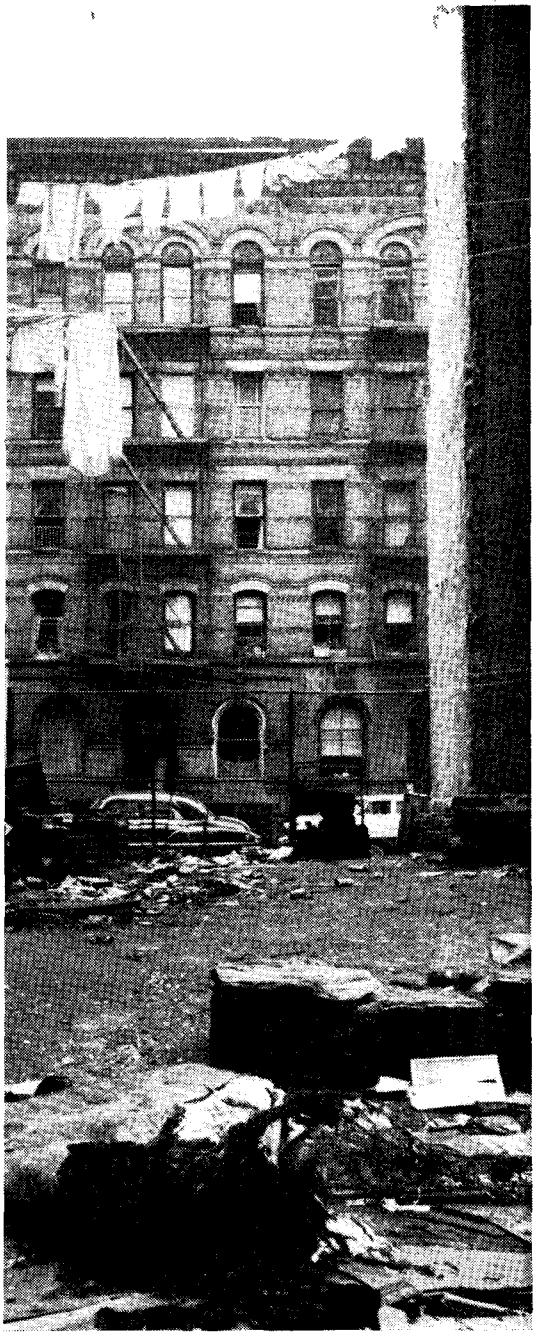

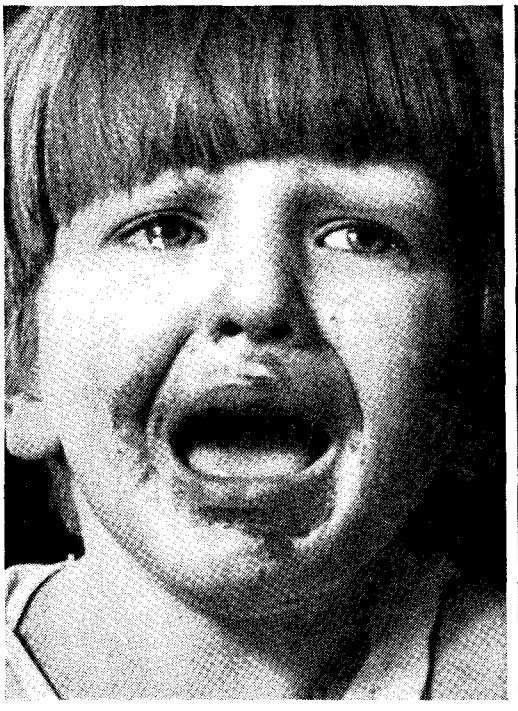

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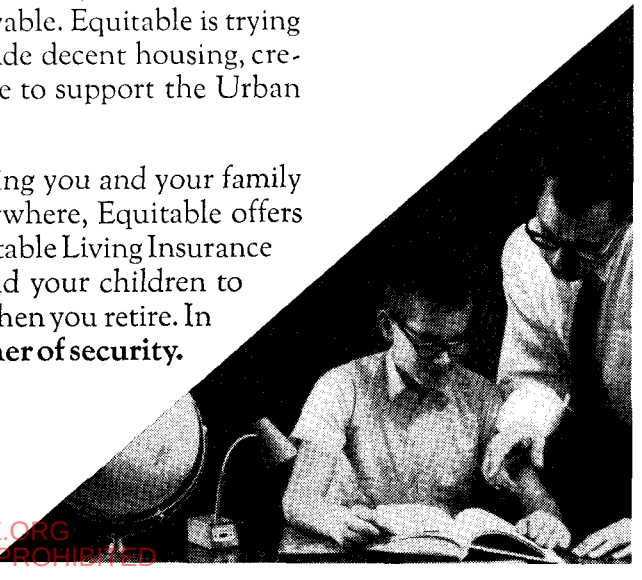

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Robert E. Burger

Who Cares for the Aged?

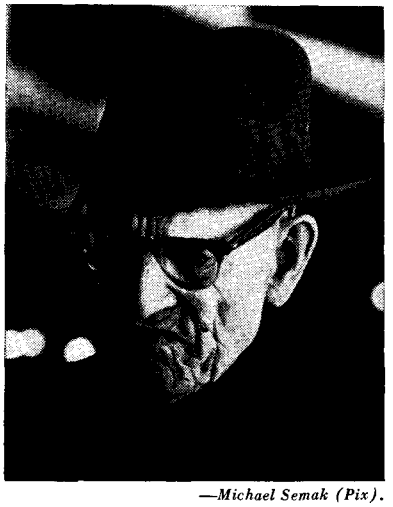
Misleading assumptions have produced the American "solution" for the problems of the aged—nursing homes, old people's homes, and retirement villages. But are we dealing with their real social and medical needs—involvement and rehabilitation?

APPROXIMATELY one of every ten Americans is over sixty-five, and the proportion is increasing every year. Two-thirds of these Americans suffer from some chronic condition—high blood pressure, arthritis, diabetes, or other afflictions. Yet there are only about 30,000 institutions of all kinds designed to take care of them—with enough beds to handle only one out of fifty. The majority of the aged, in addition, do not qualify for either Medicare or Medicaid. The *median* annual income for the single person over sixty-five is $1,055, and 30 per cent—single or married—live in poverty. Their families, therefore, must be able to pay what amounts to half of a normal take-home wage per month for even the most limited care.

THE financial dilemma posed by nursing homes reflects a more fundamental question. What is the place of the aged in America? Most Americans have accepted the assumption that the aged are better off by themselves. We seem to believe that their medical needs are different, and that they can be treated more efficiently as a group; that their interests and their sensibilities are protected when they are among others of their own age; and that they live longer, happier lives away from the pressures of the competitive, youthful world. All of these assumptions are fundamentally incorrect, but the pressures leading to them are easy to understand. We have not been able to face the basic medical need of the aged—rehabilitation. A definitive study in 1966 of 2,000 public-welfare patients of New York nursing homes concluded that, "extensive rehabilitation of aged residents in nursing homes is neither practical nor socially productive. . . . Maximum rehabilitation efforts should be applied earlier, and in other sites than nursing homes." We have habitually viewed the nursing home not as a place for rehabilitation at all, but as "the last resort" for a "difficult" older person. Thus, the basic technique of rehabilitation—keeping the patient active—has been systematically precluded by the way such homes are

Robert E. Burger is co-author, with Richard Garvin, of *Where They Go to Die.*

—Michael Semak (Pix).



—Michael Semak (Pix).

—Eric L. Brown (Monkmeyer).

"Most Americans have accepted the assumption that the aged are better off by themselves. . .

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filled and financed. Bedridden patients receive a higher welfare payment, require less attention, and seldom leave.

The rapid industrialization of America has also stripped our aged of the responsibilities and functions they possessed in an agrarian society. Unproductive, they soon feel unwanted. And so the pressures for separation from society grow on both sides, a tendency that seems to have psychological validity among younger and younger age groups. The executive "retires early" because his fifty-ish age level has put him out of contention for a promotion. The blue collar worker buys a condominium in a "retirement village" (minimum age, once fifty-three, is now down to forty-five), because his grown children have no real contact with him.

These psychological pressures, working to widen the gap between the old and young, have received unexpected impetus from another source. The miracle that has made old age possible for many more Americans has also made it more frustrating. Modern medicine has increased the life expectancy for American men from forty-nine years in 1900 to almost seventy years today. Yet the life expectancy for men at the age of sixty-five is fourteen additional years, compared to thirteen in 1900. We have prolonged life in general, thereby creating a larger group of the aged; but we have not prolonged the life of the aged. Worse, we have not made the life of the aged meaningful or in any sense self-sufficient. Instead, we have placed most of the burdens of health care on the shoulders of the aged and their families.

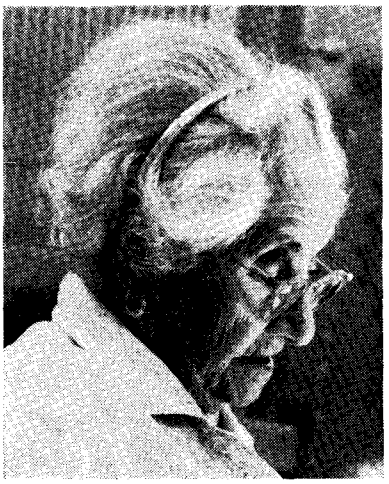
The American "solution"—nursing homes, homes for the aged, rest homes, retirement villages—begs the question of whether the aged are better off away from society. We have been able to hide the problem of the impossible demands of medical attention for the aged only by putting the aged who are ill out of public sight.

The latest fad in the stock market, according to financial columnist Sylvia Porter, is the nursing home business. Even before Medicare was voted in, such firms as Holiday Inn and Sheraton Hotels were planning nursing home chains. At least seven chains are now publicly owned and, according to *Business Week*, "most have become high fliers." Federally financed programs are obviously behind this boomlet, as they are responsible for the construction of housing for the aged in low-income redevelopment projects. Tax laws have also made church-sponsored old-age apartment complexes financially feasible. It would seem that, although the cost to the individual family may still be high, care for the aged is catching up with the medical and environmental problem.

A basic misconception, however, clouds the issue. Medicare covers only a small minority of the aged—those who require post-hospital care for a maximum of 100 days. In the language of the bill, Title XVIII of the Social Security Act of 1967, a Medicare patient is one who needs "extended care" in a "medically oriented" facility. "Extended" means extended from a hospital, not extended in time or extensive in nature. The idea of Medicare was to take old people out of hospitals when they cou'd be treated adequately in a nursing home near a hospital before going home. Medicare pays $16 a day for room, board, and medical care to the nursing home, for each qualified patient. It is not intended to provide a solution for old people who wish to retire from society.

THE nursing home chains touted in financial circles have been developed merely for the specialized need of providing hospital-related, short-term care. It is a sad commentary on the standards of nursing homes prior to Medicare that such a wide-open market exists for facilities that meet even the nominal requirements of Title XVIII. To qualify under Medicare, a home must have a

—*Brooks (Monkmeyer).*



—*Irene B. Bayer (Monkmeyer).*

—*Monkmeyer.*

. . . that they live longer, happier lives away from the pressures of the competitive, youthful world."

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physician and a registered nurse "on call" around the clock—and, since the home must be affiliated with a hospital in the first place, this presents no problem. The physical-therapy specialists required by Medicare would also be only a matter of cost, not availability.

In the strictest sense of the phrase, these Medicare facilities are nursing homes. Yet the expression has been used so loosely in the past that a new nomenclature has been felt necessary. Such homes are officially referred to as "medically oriented nursing homes."

Non-medically oriented nursing homes, a contradiction in terms, make up the market for long-term or terminal care of the aged. Such facilities, as well as the more aptly described rest homes and homes for the aged, benefit from another provision of the 1967 Social Security Act, Title XIX. Dubbed "Medicaid" but usually confused with Medicare, this legislation is far broader in application and depends on matching programs established state by state. The Medicaid program is really nothing new as far as the aged are concerned, nor, in many cases, does it increase the level of care for the aged offered in state welfare programs. Institutions are paid about the same amounts under Medicaid as they were under previous programs (a basic rate of about $300 a month per patient), but more of the money now comes from Washington. Medicaid simply provides a financial base for medical assistance to citizens of all ages who fall in certain income categories. Residents of New York State are familiar with the comprehensive program initiated by Governor Rockefeller under the Medicaid program, which directly affects about one out of ten people in New York City. Besides dramatizing the skyrocketing costs of providing adequate medical care for the general public, Medicaid initially gave promise of establishing some kind of uniformity and enforceable standards among participating doctors and institutions.

—Brooks (Monkmeyer).

"We have not made the life of the aged meaningful or in any sense self-sufficient."

Yet Medicaid has proved to be toothless in regulating the institutions that are subsidized by this law to care for the aged. "Welfare" or "MAA" (Medical Assistance to the Aged) patients and the homes that will take them are still the responsibility of *state* licensing agencies. This was assured by powerful lobbying by nursing home associations in writing key provisions of Medicaid. For years, state authorities have grappled with the problem of how to regulate substandard homes for the aged when strict enforcement would bring only further hardship on their patients. When threatened with being closed up for persistent violations, operators of ragtag homes shrug, "What do you want us to do—throw them out in the street?"

Of the roughly 30,000 institutions offering long-term care for the aged, more than half make no pretense of offering adequate nursing care. The law in most states requires a registered nurse or a licensed practical nurse to be in attendance eight hours a day at homes that care for MAA patients. But the standards for a "practical nurse" hardly measure up to the demands of aged patients with both psychological and medical problems. The shortage of registered nurses for good paying jobs in hospitals suggests the quality of care offered by registered nurses in nursing homes—whose average salary breaks down to $2.40 an hour. Practical nurses average $1.65, and the national average for all employees in nursing homes is less than $1.25. "Nurse's Aide" has become almost a meaningless designation in the trade, yet it is constantly used by nursing home operators to rationalize their fees. If a licensing agency finds that a home is ignoring the requirement of having a professional nurse on duty, a "grace period" is extended until the situation can be remedied. Some homes have been in "grace periods" for a year at a time. The Oregon Board of Health only expressed the common dilemma when it stated, "It is a hoax on the public to call these institutions for old people 'nursing homes' when there is no nursing service."

The hoax is perpetuated by individual states, however, in refusing to reorganize their agencies which regulate the field. And the $300 or more per month paid by the state for each welfare patient subsidizes substandard homes and spawns new ones.

At the other end of the medical profession, an equally destructive masquerade goes on. This is the practice of doctors setting up or sponsoring a nursing home to which they refer patients without disclosing their interest. Several years ago, Consumers Union termed this a "festering scandal that warrants prompt attention by the American Medical Association." The AMA, however, lobbies side by side with the American Nursing Home Association. Far from being attended to, this problem of conflict of interest has been openly dismissed by the new nursing home promoters. (Four Seasons Nursing Centers of America, Inc., is one of many developers who finance their homes by selling interests to physicians. Four Seasons reports that 50 per cent of its beds are often filled by referrals from their doctor-owners.)

Potentially more dangerous than conflict of interest is the moral and financial weight that the medical profession is throwing behind nursing homes as *the* solution to the problems of the aged. Rehabilitation is simply not a profitable field for investment.

IT can be argued that at least these new physician-sponsored homes are correcting the abuses that have plagued the industry for the last thirty years. Yet, for every new home with private rooms, a beauty parlor, a cocktail hour, and physical therapists (at $600-$900 a month), there are a dozen that exist by cutting all possible corners to make a $300 a month subsidy from the state profitable.

According to the National Fire Prevention Association, the most dangerous place to be in America, with respect to fire, is in a nursing home. Nursing home fires are especially terrifying because of the helplessness of their victims. The NFPA has stated that deaths resulting from these fires could be greatly reduced or eliminated if sprinkler systems were universally required. But in many states, such a regulation has been systematically opposed by nursing-home or homes-for-the-aged groups on the grounds that it would put many homes out of business. In the most disastrous fire in Ohio's history, a modern, concrete-block structure became a funeral pyre for sixty-three aged patients in 1963—yet the state association successfully blocked a sprinkler ordinance that might have made such a fire impossible.

A second abuse is the threat to health in general. Gerontologists tell us that one of the most dangerous treatments for non-psychotic seniles is enforced inactivity. Under the pressure of Medicaid payments (and other "welfare" payments before Medicaid), patients are confined to bed more often than necessary, to earn a $3 to $5 additional subsidy. They are also easier to deal with, pose less of an insurance hazard from falls, and are more permanent guests.

Mere confinement to a bed, moreover, is only the beginning of the health hazard to the patient. In the typically understaffed home, the patient is not turned in his bed often enough to prevent the dreaded decubitus ulcer (eu-

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phemistically, a bedsore), an open wound which is as painful as it is difficult to arrest. The misuse of drugs, either to control patients or to cut expenses, is widespread and leads to irreversible medical problems that untrained help cannot be expected to handle. A less publicized abuse is the deprivation of those small conveniences and human activities that make up the stuff of life and, in many cases, are all that make life worth living. Food, for example, is a constant problem in the substandard home. In the states with admittedly the best nursing homes, the average spent per patient per day for food is 94 cents —and this is according to the homes' own figures supplied to justify the highest possible welfare rate. The patient's sense of purpose, or even the mere feeling of accomplishing something is absent—and this void is exploited by unscrupulous nursing home operators to cow the patients, to prevent exposure of other abuses, or to magnify their own importance. One of the most common complaints from visitors to nursing homes is the disregard for the privacy of patients. Operators often conduct an inspection tour for the benefit of prospective customers without the faintest apology to the dumbfounded patients on exhibition.

Perhaps the basic abuse is the insult to the patient as a person. Sometimes this occurs by intention. The notorious "life-care contract," for instance, amounts to an insurance policy, paid in advance by the patient or his family in a lump sum, and guarantees a bed as long as the patient lives. Whether he lives or dies, however, the money is in the hands of the person who stands to benefit from the patient's early demise. By stripping the patient of his will to live—through daily sniping, snubs, and slurs—a nursing home can kill a man. Even where life-care contracts are simply a reasonable bet by both parties, the unconscious resentment of a guest who is "overdue" cannot fail to have its effect.

In spite of numerous newspaper exposés, voluminous testimony at Congressional hearings, and an endless recitation of personal experiences by nurses, patients, and their relatives, the official stance of the industry is first to deny the existence of a problem, and second to blame any documented abuses on government red tape. When the Attorney General of California recently issued a report charging an $8-million "bilking" of MediCal by doctors, pharmacies, hospitals, and nursing homes, spokesmen for these groups called the accusation "unfounded." "Only a small minority" always seems to be the culprit. Yet the state, which pays an average of $140,000 a year to each home under MediCal, claims that *most* of these homes are guilty of double billing, over-servicing, padding, or all three.

The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has promised a nationwide review of Medicare and Medicaid as a result of the California scandal. This review could well be the opportunity for a look into the social and medical aspects of our old-age institutions as well as their financial meanderings.

Hopefully legislators and government agencies will examine the obvious alternatives to institutional care of the aged. In the parallel field of the mentally handicapped, "de-institutionalization" has already begun. Three-fourths of the population of the village of Botton, England, consist of mentally handicapped adults who have achieved a degree of isolation consistent with their malady but have, at the same time, avoided the hospital atmosphere and psychological imprisonment of an institution. At recent conferences in the United States, specialists in this field have called for an end to the "bounty" that government agencies confer on institutions for each handicapped inmate, thereby frustrating any other form of care.

Among the alternatives to institutional care of the aged are two general courses of action: greater stress on rehabilitation, and assistance to the aged as persons rather than as patients. Rehabilitation, socially and psychologically as well as physically, will have to be made as profitable as "terminal care" for any chance of success on a large scale. Medicare, with its higher medical standards and limitation to short-term care, is a step in this direction. Unfortunately, its impetus has been all but smothered in the far broader and less selective provisions of Medicaid.

Perhaps the most direct method of encouraging rehabilitation is simply to offer Medicare and Medicaid benefits to the person rather than to the institution that claims him as a patient. Payments could be made to the family for medical treatments under the supervision of their doctor and for nursing care when no adult relatives are at home. If this seems a less efficient method than mass-care in an institution, consider the success of Homemakers, Inc. This profit-minded operation now has franchises in some fifteen major cities, offering in-home nursing or attendant care at well under the cost of a nursing or rest home. Similar services are offered in some metropolitan areas by non-profit groups.

The point is that Medicare provides only for emergency in-home care, and Medicaid offers a maximum of four hours a day. Far too many old people who desperately require some sort of personal care therefore find themselves caught in a trap between the regulations of federal and state programs—simply because these programs are built on institutional requirements other than the variety of personal needs. HEW officials are now

—Fujihira (Magnum)

"The rapid industrialization of America has stripped our aged of the responsibilities they [formerly] possessed. . . . Unproductive, they soon feel unwanted."

exploring an "intermediate" form of Medicare that would recognize more general medical needs of old people other than post-hospital recuperation. Given our commitment to institutions, this at least offers a measure of relief for the present.

Amendments to Medicaid, to become effective in 1969, indicate that Congress is not unaware of the drawbacks of the present system. Although state agencies must still police the program, benefits are to be broadened beyond institutional care, and higher standards will be required—such as disclosure of ownership of nursing homes, accounting for drugs, and a level of health services similar to that of Medicare. By December 31, 1969, national fire safety regulations will go into effect for Medicaid facilities.

STRICT enforcement of Medicaid provisions at the state level will have to come before the stranglehold of substandard institutions can be broken. Nursing home associations must realize that such enforcement and such exposés as the Attorney General's report in California can only help them, not hurt them. The need for good nursing homes will remain for a long time to come in a competitive, profit-motivated society. At the same time, the more basic need for a just, human, and respectful treatment of 20,000,000 aged Americans cannot remain unfulfilled.

Charles Boucher, senior medical officer in the British Ministry of Health, says: "our philosophy is that old people want to remain at home, in their own houses, surrounded by their own possessions, their own memories. We don't mind whether it is a good home, a bad home, a tiny home. That's where we believe they should be . . . where they feel secure, where they've got confidence. It's tempting to think that it's a matter of institutions and that sort of thing. I think it is rather like condemming old cars to the scrap heap."

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THE SECRET OF NANCY DREW—Pushing Forty and Going Strong

"I'm afraid the worst has happened," Nancy said, but 30,000,000 pre-teeny-boppers have loved every Victorian moment.

By ARTHUR PRAGER

A FEW karmas ago, circumstance compelled me to raise a small daughter, without benefit of wife and mother, in the insecure atmosphere of a large hotel. Emily was ten, and because of my busy schedule, she had to spend a great deal of time alone, inventing her own amusements. One evening I observed her curled up in a ball on the sofa, shoes off, face unusually serious and preoccupied. Interrogated, she answered in a manner so vague, so ruminative, that if I had been a husband of ten years instead of a father I would have been certain she had taken a lover. She had discovered Nancy Drew.

In a local bookstore, mixed in among out-of-date Little Golden Books and the misadventures of improbable animals, my daughter had found a row of blue-jacketed volumes, each bearing in a printed medallion the intrepid girl detective's seductively *nice* face. Emily bought *The Secret of the Old Clock*, identified as the first in the series by the small numeral (1), and promising countless hours of pure happiness ahead. By the time she was ready for *The Hidden Staircase* (2), she was hooked, like so many bored, lonely kids before her. "So many" means 30,000,000, reading Nancy's adventures in seventeen languages over a period of thirty-eight years.

My daughter is grown now, and oriented toward more sophisticated pleasures, but Nancy's magic still galvanizes the nine- to eleven-year-old set in the same wonderful way. The dauntless, bewitching girl detective is still happening, while other favorites dwindle and disappear. Bomba the Jungle Boy crumbles into dust. Tom Swift is replaced by Tom Swift, Jr., but Nancy is still a smash at the box office. In a world of gaudy exhibitionism, subteens find refuge in Nancy's enviable, secure, conservative world.

Nancy is written in East Orange, New Jersey, by "Carolyn Keene," who is really a grandmotherly lady named Harriet S. Adams, abetted by her partner Andrew Svenson and four anonymous ghost writers. This group also writes the "Tom Swift, Jr." series, the "Hardy Boys," the "Bobbsey Twins," and a number of others. Mrs. Adams has written forty-three Nancys, the latest of which will appear this year. The girl sleuth is the financial star of the list. Last year Nancy sold 1,500,000 copies compared to 1,000,000 for the Hardy Boys and a paltry 250,000 for the Bobbseys. Mrs. Adams's publisher, Grosset & Dunlap, is understandably reticent about how much actual cash Nancy has brought her creator, but simple arithmetic tells us that since 1930 she has probably netted her author considerably more than $1,000,000.

Augmenting this profit, Nancy came to the attention of Warner Brothers in 1938, and they decided to film her, with Bonita Granville in the title role. There were four films in all, beginning with *The Hidden Staircase*, loosely based on the book of the same name. The other three, dreamed up and "improved" by contract script writers, were *Nancy Drew, Detective* (1938); *Nancy Drew, Reporter* (1939); and *Nancy Drew, Trouble Shooter* (1939); after which the series petered out, having failed to achieve the popular following of, say, Andy Hardy or Charlie Chan. What Grosset & Dunlap calls "contract complications" have prevented Nancy from appearing as a TV series, although she would probably make a good one.

A GIRL usually gets her introduction to Nancy Drew from someone else: a gift or loan from some friend or relative. After initial exposure, she mounts a campaign of wheedling and cajoling until she has extracted the other forty or so from her parents. Advances are begged on allowances. Hints are dropped before birthdays and Christmas. Once a kid is hooked she has no scruples about infecting her friends and classmates, and Nancy reaches epidemic proportions in the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades. Strict reciprocal trade agreements are drawn up, and woe to anyone who tries to slip in a "Dana Girls" or a "Judy Bolton."

A parent who tries to fathom the secret of Nancy's success is doomed to failure, because, strictly speaking, Nancy is terribly square. Yet she appeals to subteeny-boppers today just as she did in the Thirties. Apparently there is a rock-ribbed streak of conservatism in the nine-to-eleven group. They will participate in outlandish fads for the sake of show, but they like things simple, basic, well organized. Just as the brashest smart aleck will still gulp down a massive lump of anguish when Amy, in *Little Women*, comes in out of the snow and says, "Beth, the baby's dead . . . ," the loudest little cynic will retire to her room, curl up among the psychedelic posters and "Legalize Pot" buttons, and devour some forty Nancy Drews in a row with deep concentration and heartfelt involvement.

PARENTAL permissiveness is thought to be a major factor in Nancy's longevity. Women of my generation passed their worn copies to their daughters fondly, and with (as Nancy would say) a suspicious moisture in their eyes. Mothers who have never read the series examine it and find it harmless if not downright wholesome. Parents who don't care one way or another tolerate Nancy because she keeps the children quiet and arouses in them an interest in books and reading. These reasons do little to explain Nancy's attraction. On the contrary, any one of them is sufficient to poison a little girl's mind against the series. Nancy appeals to her readers in spite of parental approval, not because of it.

The books have an odd, timeless quality. I looked for anachronisms in our 1930 first edition of *The Secret of the Old Clock*. Except for Nancy's roadster, with its running boards and rumble seat, there were none. Like the Land of Oz, Nancy Drew Country is in another time dimension, untouched by the outside world. The Depression came and went, followed by three wars, but they passed unnoticed in Midwestern, suburban River Heights, where Nancy and her chums and their well-to-do country-clubbing parents live. Teen-agers all have new cars there. They buy unlimited pretty clothes, and they summer at fashionable resorts. They give lovely parties. At the height of World War II Nancy went on a pleasure cruise to Buenos Aires, untroubled by U-boats in the sea-lanes. There was always plenty of gasoline for her convertible. Hungry kids, shattered by the announcement of bubble-gum ra-

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tioning, drowned their sorrows in Nancy's world.

When I asked my daughter why she had loved Nancy, she thought for a moment, and then said simply, "You can *identify* with her." She meant that a little girl can plausibly pretend to be Nancy. She is an example of the fantasy world in which pre-pubescent girls live in daydreams. A boy can imagine that he is swinging from tree to tree, ululating the victory cry of the bull ape, but he knows in his heart it will never happen. Nancy, on the other hand, is within reach. She is pretty but not beautiful ("like a quaint little princess"). Her hair is a lovely gold color, and naturally wavy. She is small, with a slight but good figure at sixteen. She is graceful, the result of ballet lessons; and she dresses well, with as many changes of costume as any paper doll. She is respected by difficult grownups, such as salespeople, waitresses, and policemen, all of whom address her courteously as "Miss Drew."

LEST any reader think her keen mind is restricted to solving mysteries, it should be noted that Nancy also has a rich vein of pure culture, although at sixteen she shows no signs of attending school or preparing to enter a university. Invited by the parents of her beau, Ned Nickerson, to accompany them to the big Thanksgiving Day football game at Emerson College, where Ned is on the team, Nancy replies that she will enjoy going to the game, but she will "also enjoy the Shakespearean play the Drama Club is presenting afterwards." A clue appears in an obscure document and:

> George and Bess studied the paragraph to which Nancy had pointed. It was a quotation in Old English, and they could not make it out. Nancy, who had learned to read the works of the old English poet Chaucer in school, eagerly translated it.

Asked to a college weekend, she is just as much at home in a deep discussion with a young faculty member on "the subject of bringing lost relatives together" as she is on the dance floor. She is not above pausing in her gardening to instruct a family servant:

> These larkspurs are also called "delphinium" because they were the sacred flower of the temple at Delphi, Nancy explained. I believe they have other names too.

For all her intellectual attainments, Nancy is no bluestocking as we shall see. She rides and swims in Olympic style, not only besting the Amateur Champion of fashionable Sylvan Lake, but on one occasion leaping into a bayou with all her clothes on and doing a rapid 500 yards to the shore. She can fix a balky outboard motor with a bobby pin. With

Nancy was a prisoner in the tower!
—From "The Clue in the Crumbling Wall."

no effort, she climbs a rose trellis to the second floor. Pursuing an escaped crook, she puts the police on his trail by drawing a perfect likeness of him for them. When the River Heights Women's Club charity show faces disaster because of the defection of its leading lady, Nancy steps in at a moment's notice and wins general kudos with a creditable ballet, although she is recuperating from a sprained ankle. At 100 yards, she plugs a lynx three times with a Colt .44 revolver. Her delphiniums win first prize

"He's escaped!" Nancy exclaimed as she surveyed the confusion.
—From "The Bungalow Mystery."

at the flower show. She floors "Zany" Shaw, a full-grown lawbreaker, with a right to the jaw. She is always a barrel of fun at a party, and she ". . . received a lot of applause for her impersonation of Helena Hawley, a motion-picture star who played parts in old-time Westerns."

What hero or heroine of modern fiction can top that?

One of Nancy's greatest victories comes at an Emerson College dance, when the master of ceremonies announces:

> Now, as you all know, it is our custom to select each year a beautiful young lady to preside over this event—one who will wear the Festival Robe and Crown. After careful consideration a choice has been made by a committee of faculty and students.
>
> "Gosh, I wonder who the lucky girl will be?" Bill Tomlin commented. "It always goes to the prettiest and most popular one in the audience."
>
> "Will Miss Nancy Drew please come to the stage?" he requested. Everyone began to clap and whistle, for beyond question the choice was a pleasing one.

Put that in your daydream if you dare, no matter how old you are. Poor Nancy doesn't wear the Festival Robe and Crown very long, because the auditorium lights are suddenly extinguished, and she is abducted, robe, crown, and all, and hustled away in a speeding car by a masked man and a hard-faced woman.

NANCY's mysteries follow a simple but inflexible pattern. First there is an anonymous warning to her to get off the case or face dire consequences, which she bravely ignores. In every one there is a wild chase, either on foot through crowded streets or in Nancy's convertible. Nearly all are concerned with the withholding of sums of money or jewelry from deserving people by thieves or embezzlers. There are missing wills, treasure maps, hidden rubies, secret codes, long-separated relatives reunited. Occasionally there is an oddball crime like the forgery of ancient Chinese porcelains, or the plagiary of popular tunes. There are several attempted arsons to conceal evidence, but murder is never allowed.

Kidnapping abounds, and in almost every book someone, usually Nancy, is spirited away, bound and gagged, and abandoned. Rescue is swift. No one is ever permitted to die. Even the unlucky lynx, shot by Nancy in *The Secret at Shadow Ranch*, staggers off into the underbrush, presumably to get well after having learned his lesson.

Violence in the series usually takes the form of atrocious assaults on Nancy's person. Again and again, just as she sees an important clue and reaches for it, everything goes black as she is sapped

(*Continued on page* 34)

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More About the Shape of the Table

POSSIBLE subjects for editorializing come tumbling in these days—the outgoing administration in Washington and the prospects of the new Government; the terrifying buildup of combustible tensions between Israel and the Arab states; the spread of nuclear weapons around the world; the battle against starvation and extermination in Biafra; the problem of environmental poisoning. Yet none of these events and problems cuts into the mind so deeply or insistently as the spectacle of negotiators in Paris haggling interminably over the shape of the table.

There is something about the Paris deadlock that is even more horrifying than the grotesque counterpoint of diplomatic pettifogging while thousands of lives are being ground up in one of history's most futile and agonizing wars. For the Paris talks may be telling us something about the Vietnam war itself and why it has become the longest war in our history. Paris may also offer a warning about the inability of men at the head of nations to protect the human race against a nuclear convulsion. Most of all, the Paris failure is a clear signal that an authority over nations must be established if man is to have a rational future on earth. For absolute national sovereignty and world peace do not mix and cannot be reconciled. Absolute sovereignty is a condition of dangerous unilateralism and leads not to objective decision but to breakdown and force.

The message of Paris, therefore, if we can hear it properly, is that the world's peoples cannot be secure in the present condition of their institutions. In this sense, it is a mistake to view the Paris farce solely in terms of the moral failure of diplomats and leaders. These men are the products and representatives of the sovereign nations. They are not willful. They are carrying out a duty clearly defined. When these men came to public office, they took an oath to defend their national interests. What is happening, therefore, is that they are now carrying out that oath and have thus become involved in volatile situations because different nations take different views of their national interests. As a result, the national interests and the human interest are now in direct conflict. The habits and reflexes of the nations point directly to a situation in which man's estate on earth could be reduced to a cinder.

Nations traditionally are incapable of dealing sensibly with insults or assaults. Their tendency is to respond with such severity that the offending nation will not be tempted to repeat the abuse. Everyone believes in the same system; therefore it cannot work. Each nation wants to teach the other nation a lesson. But this kind of education is generally unproductive and indeed explosive.

Does this mean that Israel, or any nation, must have its arms pinned to its sides when it is subjected to destructive raids? What it means is that the peace of the Middle East, or Vietnam, or any other place is too important to be left to attack and counterattack, plot and counterplot, retaliation and counter-retaliation. An authoritative third party must have the power to intervene and prevent escalation. What about the United Nations? The United Nations springs into active session generally only after an incident has occurred, seeking through exhortation or condemnation to deal with crisis. But crisis will recur if its basic causes continue. Here we come to the core problem, affecting not just the Middle East but the Paris negotiations and every focal point of the world tension. The United Nations, to which the nations turn in time of visible and pronounced danger, is unable to deal effectively with danger because those same nations have deprived it of adequate means for doing so.

Would the United States be willing to allow the United Nations, or the World Court, to determine the form of the peace in Vietnam? North Vietnam is not a member of the United Nations; but even if it were, the same question would be just as pertinent. Would Israel or the Arab states be willing to have the United Nations dictate a settlement? Would the Soviet Union accept compulsory authority in the matter of Czechoslovakia?

The answer to these questions is that the nations involved reserve the right of ultimate decision. They justify this position by questioning the impartiality of a higher authority. They claim that the United Nations is not a constitutional body acting out of codified law, and that it is not so much an instrument of justice as it is a reflection of the competitive interests of the nations. Very well. Would the United States, Soviet Union, Israel, the Arab states, and all the other nations be willing to upgrade the United Nations in order to give it responsible and effective authority to deal with basic causes of tension? Are the nations willing to construct a constitutional organization that can make world justice under world law its main concern? These are the questions the sovereignties are unwilling to have raised, much less answer. And until they do, the world will be a highly precarious abode for man.

This puts the question of a governed world squarely up to the world's peoples. A world consensus has never before been necessary. But we are living in a new and different world, a world that has suddenly become a single geographic unit. Such a world, in order to function safely and responsibly, needs all the thought and attention it can get. Men of ideas now have to operate on a world stage. They must find their way to each other across national barriers. They must not hesitate to proclaim their allegiance to the family man. They must make the human interest their prime concern, working with the sovereignties if possible and against them if necessary. Human destiny is the first responsibility of responsible men. This is the first cause. With peace, all problems are soluble. Without it, nothing is soluble. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

High Road or Low?

REGARDING THE EXCELLENT section on transportation problems, "Travel 1969: High Road or Low?" [*SR*, Jan. 4], I was heartened to learn from Jack Goodman's article ("A Century of Railroading: Early Demise or Daring New Designs?") that there is a High-Speed Ground Transportation Research and Development Program, which proposes to ease airport and highway problems by returning a considerable portion of East Coast transportation to the railways. It is time for someone to consider the entire spectrum of transportation in the United States and to begin planning a total system in which airways, railways, and highways complement one another.

Those involved in this planning must resist being carried away by promises of ever increasing flight speeds. It is far more important to maintain reliable schedules. The jetliners now in service are fast enough for flights within the continental United States. Increased speed will not significantly reduce the transit time between cities.

It is useless to bemoan the demise of transcontinental rail travel. Few travelers will pay the extra cost in time and money for the more leisurely train ride when jets cut the transit time from days to hours. On the other hand, a reasonably rapid train from Philadelphia to New York is considerably more practical than a jet flight.

Planners need to consider surrounding major centers with adequate terminal facilities to handle long-distance flights; connecting the terminals with each other and with the cities by means of reasonably rapid ground transportation; connecting Eastern cities with reliable ground transportation; providing separate air terminals for small private aircraft and large commercial jetliners.

LEO B. FREUDENREICH,
Columbus, O.

HOW COULD MR. GOODMAN fail to tell us that the best thing for all transportation in the Northeast Corridor would be the electrification of the New Haven Railroad from New Haven to Boston? It's so obvious! And it could all be done—plant and equipment—for the cost of a mile or two of the new wave of concrete that is burying so much of our scenery, our energies, and our hopes.

Goodman hardly even mentioned that we have had 100-mile-an-hour trains from Boston to Washington for thirty years now, if anyone wanted to run them that fast—which, of course, no one did until very recently. And what about the French train that zipped along with *Le Mistral* at better than 206 mph? There was a model of it in Rockefeller Center for years. And what about the new models, which will soon be streaking across the trans-Siberian Railway—all 9,000 miles of it? Man, that's railroading!

The electric locomotive easily surpasses the capacity of the largest or fastest airplane in existence or in prospect. Goodman says that one track equals twenty lanes of superhighway in transport capacity. A one-track mind could save Rock Creek Park in Washington from being plowed under concrete, save a million man-hours every day in New York or Chicago, and might even be able to lift the smog from Los Angeles permanently. The electric train, as someone said during the Second World War, is a tremendous secret weapon and needs to be rediscovered.

STEPHEN BREEN,
Salisbury, Md.

The Now Movie

ACCORDING TO ANTHONY SCHILLACI'S article, "Film as Environment" [*SR*, Dec. 28], movies are going the way of art, music, and literature, each of which has proclaimed that the fact of "being" is sufficient thereunto. All the viewer-listener need expect is the "experience" that the viewing-listening affords. The "experience" is the responsibility of the viewer-listener. What he takes from the event depends upon what he brings to it, what he expects from it.

Fine. But doesn't there come a time for each medium to take upon itself conscious, deliberate responsibility for contributing to the society, the culture, the humanity of which it is a part? For movies to settle for being an "experience" is a cop-out.

DR. MARGARET A. COLTON,
University Heights, O.

UNFORTUNATELY for the future of man, many, if not most, of the young would reject the Reverend Schillaci's suggestion that their raw taste for stimuli be "educated," at least in the sense he means.

"Reflecting on experience," filmic or otherwise, is just what they refuse to do. Relevance, to them, means that whatever is past is not just dead, but obliterated. There is literally nothing on which to reflect. For this first "post-literate" generation, the expression "like *wow!*" is not a frustrated attempt at articulation, but a fully sufficient expression of a state of being. In that one fragmentary phrase, thousands of years of communicated culture fall away, and we are back with the Neanderthals, a prisoner of instinct and accident.

"Poverty of critical perspective" is not, to these TV-trained young, a failing, but a goal. The ability to cultivate the mindless spontaneity of the idiot is the fullest expression of their longing. Not all the romantic wishful thinking in the world from intellectuals is going to mold this "sensual revolution," or stop this generation from abolishing intellectuality.

As a teacher, I cannot help grieving, however fruitlessly, at the loss of so much in exchange for so little. Like Winston Smith in Orwell's *1984*, I can remember, I can read. My students can neither remember nor read, nor do they wish to. Living in a perpetual Disneyland society, with fresh stimuli to twitch eroded nerve endings, they have abolished history—not just the formal chronicling of the past, but the past itself.

THOMAS J. CUMMINS,
Blythe, Calif.

THE REVEREND SCHILLACI can't eat his cake and have it too. Either film (and the future

(*Continued on page* 61)

"Okay, it's agreed. Eight o'clock, tonight, Monopoly at Ivan's house."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Vision and Resign

IF, ON THE SURFACE, Ingmar Bergman's *Shame* appears to be clearer, more direct in its meaning than many of his previous films, dealing as it does with war and its effects on two uninvolved people, this impression doesn't last long. The clue comes from Bergman himself, who, some time ago, stated that he made his films for a Scandinavian audience and a Scandinavian market; any acceptance elsewhere was a bonus, so to speak. So, to take the film as a personal statement on war and to apply that statement universally is to overlook Bergman's deep roots—physically and psychically—in his Swedish homeland.

Curiously, Sweden, a peace-loving and peaceful nation, is possessed of a sense of guilt. I have noticed it during trips to Sweden and on meeting Swedish intellectuals. It has to do with the nation's non-involvement during the great World Wars; while blood soaked the earth of its neighbors, Sweden remained inviolate. It took in a few refugees; it still takes in some war protesters. But I felt (and I must admit this is only an impression) that a good many Swedes have a sense of discomfort about their material comfort. And because of this I doubt that the real force of Bergman's *Shame* can be felt by anyone but Swedes and their Scandinavian neighbors. For this reason, I haven't been quite able to understand all the praise that has been showered on the film by Americans, unless it's because they equate the two harried characters with the peasants of Vietnam. Bergman is, of course, aware of Vietnam. But he is more aware of Sweden.

Note, then, that the Rosenbergs, a retired musical couple, live on an island. (In an ideologically warring world, Sweden is an island.) Elsewhere, on the mainland, there is a war, perhaps a civil war, but obviously a war in which two ideologies (not really specified) are clashing in the most brutal of terms. The time has been set forward to 1971, and now the island, too, is an arena of war. The Rosenbergs are sensitive, humane people, cultivating their, at times, neurotic attachment to each other and growing berries as a means of livelihood. But on any issue outside of the love of nature, art, their home, amenities such as good food, good wine, good talk, they take no position. When captured by paratroopers they quite honestly disclaim any loyalty toward one side or the other. But their very disclaimer is used against them, twisted for propaganda purposes. The point is that there is no such thing as non-involvement. It doesn't work. And the more they attempt to protect their insularity, the more their shame deepens, the more degraded they become. Detachment becomes the ultimate shame.

In its implications *Shame*, it seems to me, is not merely on one clear level. I rather suspect that, first of all, Bergman is addressing himself directly to his compatriots and expressing a guilt that is all-pervasive in his country. And there is another mystique at work, too, having something to do with the supposedly salutary effects of a bloodletting. This, after all, was the preferred method of treating illness for ignorant centuries. I found the film unsettling—strong, brooding—but pervaded by an air of resignation. A nightmare vision, to be sure, but one with no awakening. Anything but a man espousing war, Bergman seems to be saying that one day his country may pay a terrible price for its peace. To dismiss the film as a masterpiece is to ignore everything significant about it.

I looked foward to seeing *The Sea Gull*, with its impressive cast, and found myself badly disappointed. How is it possible for a play that read so well, and is sometimes performed well on stage, to come out as an excruciating bore on film? Obviously we can't blame the writer, or even the adapter and translator, since the play is rendered faithfully. The cast? As much as I admire Vanessa Redgrave, I can't see this magnificently tall and relatively mature woman as the tender, fluttery young Nina. So—fine actress, bad casting. Wrong, too, is Simone Signoret as Arkadina—the accent, for one thing, the style for another. Thus, we're off on the wrong foot from the beginning, and Sidney Lumet (I fear he must bear the brunt of the responsibility, for it's his production and he directed) has visualized the play so coarsely, so dully, so unimaginatively, as to make one wonder why he wanted to do it at all.

But Chekhov *can* be beautiful on the screen. There is, for example, the sadly neglected Russian-made *Lady With a Dog*, a film that remains perennially on my personal all-time best list. It should be reshown at once, before faith is lost in Chekhovian possibilities.

What impressed me most about his schooner were the Marie Brizards below.

I'm always impressed by a man with the good taste to serve Marie Brizard liqueurs. And just imagine being rich enough to stock all 18 irresistible Marie Brizard liqueurs on one plain little 165 foot schooner!

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Marie Brizard Liqueurs. 50-100 Proof. © Imported by Schieffelin & Co., New York

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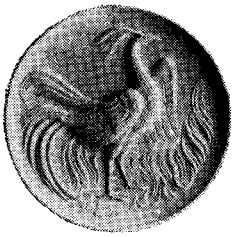
LEWIS M. STEEL

To Be Truly Free



There must be a viable program for decolonization of the ghettos and black self-determination.

WHEN the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders released its study of the recent black upheavals, it concluded by quoting from the testimony of Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, social psychologist and author of *Dark Ghetto*. Dr. Clark pointed out that the causes of race riots had been thoroughly studied time and again. "It is a kind of Alice in Wonderland," he said, "with the same moving picture reshown over and over again, the same analysis, the same recommendations, and the same inaction."

The National Advisory Commission itself dwelled at length on what could be done to alleviate conditions. Although its recommended programs did not stress what I conceive to be two major components in any realistic program aimed at creating a racially equal society— the means by which blacks and other minorities can obtain a fair share of the nation's *real* political and economic control—the Commission did recognize the enormity of the task and the absolute necessity for immediate action. Unfortunately, however, Kenneth Clark's fears were well founded. One need only recall the cutbacks in federal poverty programs over the last year to perceive that Alice is still in Wonderland.

The studies continue while the disease festers, unattended. The disease, of course, is racism, and the three books here reviewed purport to set forth the medicine, in large or small doses as the case may be.

Of the three only one—Arnold Schuchter's inclusive work *White Power/ Black Freedom* (Beacon, 650 pp., $11.50)—makes an original contribution. *Business Leadership and the Negro Crisis,* edited by Eli Ginzberg (McGraw-Hill, 175 pp., $5.95), contains selections from papers delivered at a conference on urban minority problems. Amory Bradford's *Oakland's Not for Burning* (McKay, 248 pp., $5.50) describes the efforts made by Department of Commerce officials to pump federal funds into Oakland industry in order to create job opportunities for "minorities" and thereby avert another Watts. These last two books simply underscore by their own misguidedness the reasons why this country may well explode.

White Power/Black Freedom fills a void in the race relations literature of recent years, most of which has examined the pathology of the ghetto and has presented only limited remedial programs. Mr. Schuchter seeks to broaden the focus. The author, an urban planner, starts from the thesis that the survival of a viable urban America is dependent upon the nation's ability to extinguish racism. Few today would quarrel with this argument, or with the facts and figures cited as proof of racism's destructiveness. Both blacks and whites, however, may disagree with the basic strategies Schuchter would employ. In essence, he maintains that the first objective must be the transference of political and administrative

LEWIS M. STEEL, formerly associate counsel of the NAACP, is currently working on a study of racism and the judicial process.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

8 ***SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books**

23 **"White Power/ Black Freedom,"** *by Arnold Schuchter;* **"Business Leadership and the Negro Crisis,"** *edited by Eli Ginzberg;* **"Oakland's Not for Burning,"** *by Amory Bradford*

25 **Literary Horizons:** *Granville Hicks reviews "Afterwords," by Thomas McCormack; "The Novel of the Future," by Anaïs Nin; "The Writing of One Novel," by Irving Wallace; "Facts and Fictions," by Ann Bridge; "Experience in the Novel," by George P. Elliott*

26 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

27 **"The Bitter Woods,"** *by John S. D. Eisenhower*

28 **"West to Cambodia," "Bird,"** *by S. L. A. Marshall*

28 **"Tibet,"** *by Thubten Jigme Norbu and Colin M. Turnbull*

30 **"Strong Wind,"** *by Miguel Angel Asturias*

31 **"Impossible Object,"** *by Nicholas Mosley*

32 **"Civil Rights and the American Negro: A Documentary History,"** *edited by Albert P. Blaustein and Robert L. Zangrando*

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power from the various white establishments to the residents of the black ghetto colonies. The ghettos must also be decolonized by "a massive transfer of housing ownership" and by developing "commercial and industrial enterprises to be owned and run by Negroes." New manpower and urban development institutions will have to be created in order to train blacks to lead and administer the decolonized areas and participate in over-all societal planning. Simultaneously, the author argues, a national program must be established to create new multiracial cities, which should be planned "with the overriding purpose of providing for dispersion of Negro population from the core cities; migration of Negroes from rural areas in the South; employment of large numbers of low-skilled and other jobless groups; and vastly increasing the quantity of minimum decent housing resources available in inner city areas."

Schuchter recognizes that the rhetoric of Black Power may well be opposed to the concept of "dispersion of Negro population." Yet he urges that until the existence of ghettos is entirely voluntary, the result of a decision by the residents to remain, blacks will not be truly free. Schuchter is aware that the argument for the retention of black ghettos is at least partially based on the assumption that black political control in major cities can be achieved as ghettos expand and white enclaves contract. He points out, however, that already overwhelming urban problems would be exacerbated by the influx of ever larger numbers of people suffering from the disabilities imposed by class distinctions, so that if the blacks achieved such control they would be taking over hopelessly overburdened institutions.

BEFORE proceeding any further, let me indicate my general agreement with Schuchter's objectives. I find the phrase "Negro dispersion" offensive because it carries with it the connotation of the white intellectual developing a master plan designed to rescue white America from the "Negro problem." However, I share the author's adherence to the concept of participation by black representatives chosen from within the ghetto rather than superimposed from without. Schuchter clearly places the value of complete black self-determination above the merits of his own equality program. Moreover, he stresses decentralized control of virtually every public institution, from police departments to schools, which would render relatively powerless such city-wide governments as remained. Logically it serves little purpose to fight for the preservation of an obsolete form of government that should be replaced with a combination of relatively small units controlled by the residents directly affected, and with larger planning units responsible for insuring that future populations would be channeled so as to create an environment fit for human habitation in the fullest sense. For example, if the New York City Board of Education could be thoroughly decentralized, with full powers transferred to local governing boards, membership in the central board would not be as crucial as it is today. This would be even more obvious if the planning of large-scale expansion programs over and above the needed replacement of obsolete structures (a function that should be delegated to local governing boards) were placed in the hands of a regional agency.

Whether or not one agrees with Schuchter, his book deserves to be read because of his treatment of the material. Here the author breaks new ground by integrating all of the social science disciplines. Moreover, he carefully analyzes virtually every program presently in existence and many of those that have been proposed by leading American public figures. European planning techniques are also related to the American situation. While harsh judgments are passed on the New Frontier and Great Society programs, as well as on the older New-Fair Deal legislation and its implementation, the emphasis is on new programs, their cost, and the institutional changes necessary for carrying them out. Specific situations, such as the creation of the new city of Columbia, Maryland, and the establishment of the I.S. 201 governing board in Harlem, are discussed.

Although *White Power/Black Freedom* should serve as an invaluable source of both ideas and information, it should not be regarded as a blueprint for the future. The concept of black involvement and participatory democracy mandate that no one man or group of men should dictate future urban policy. Even as a sourcebook, however, I feel the work has two major shortcomings.

First, I cannot fully ascertain Schuchter's attitude toward the corporate giants that dominate America's economic life. Although he concludes that "Big Business represents one of the most formidable barriers to change and innovation in the slum ghettos, stalemating the reform of vital institutions," Schuchter makes no proposals to insure the redirection of these giants. A full discussion of the potentialities of programs ranging from public ownership of major industrial and financial institutions to less drastic means of guaranteeing black participation in the control of the major economic power centers is required. The author's suggestions for building up black capital are grossly insufficient; without imposed remedial action big business cannot conceivably be anything but white business. Not only would this mean that blacks could aspire only to the crumbs—the bits and pieces the corporate giants consider too trifling to be worth their while; it would perpetuate black exclusion from the nation's

"I need you, Martha, because whenever I become overconfident you're always there to put me in my place."

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decision-making processes, which are intertwined with corporate control.

For proof that big business does not intend to engage in voluntary redistribution of wealth or power one need only turn to the two essays in *Business Leadership and the Negro Crisis*. Carl Haugen, senior vice president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, discusses the ways in which his corporation can better service the poor black areas where it has opened branches. Would he dream of suggesting that Chase ghetto branches be operated as separate corporations controlled by blacks? Would he consider giving controlling interests in these branches to community development corporations, or at least sharing branch profits with the communities served? Note that neither action would in any way affect over-all control of Chase. Yet nothing that would divest Chase of any control whatever is mentioned. Haugen is content to talk about ways of stimulating the financing of small black businesses. So, too, is Frank Hoenemeyer, executive vice president of the Prudential Insurance Company, who boasts of what his industry has done for the black ghettos (agreed to make $1 billion available at rates somewhat lower than could otherwise be obtained). Not only is this pathetically inadequate; it makes no provision to allow black people to control the allocation of these funds. The final decisions remain comfortably in the hands of the (white) managers.

My second criticism of *White Power/Black Freedom* is based on the author's failure to touch on the troublesome problem of how to mobilize Americans to accept the programs outlined. Perhaps this is too much to ask of him. But he opens the door himself by calling on the next President to provide the necessary leadership. Certainly it is begging the question to leave everything up to Presidential decisions. Politicians represent the special interests that insured their nominations and financed their elections, and these are the very interests that can view severe shifts in economic power only with horror and loathing.

Looking to the President, in the present political atmosphere, is about as naïve as suggesting that internal changes within the federal bureaucracy plus increased expenditures along traditional Great Society lines, with tax incentives thrown in, will achieve equality, as Amory Bradford concludes in *Oakland's Not for Burning*.

In Panglossian fashion Bradford clings to his abiding faith in the local businessmen and politicos whom he worked with in order to create a relatively small handful of jobs for the "deserving minorities." Even if Bradford's wildest dreams came true and every black obtained a "decent" job, Negroes would still be at the bottom

(*Continued on page* 32)

Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

A prominent contemporary novelist has said, "Any writer is crazy who tells people what he was trying to do in a novel or a poem that has been published or what he intends to do in a work that he has in hand." He means, of course, that achievement is what counts, not intention. If the reader cannot grasp the achievement, that may be his fault, or it may be the writer's, but in either case there is nothing the writer can do about it once his labors as creator are finished. Whatever he says about his intentions can only detract from the achievement, such as it may be.

Fortunately for Thomas McCormack, not all writers hold to that position. In *Afterwords* (Harper & Row, $5.95) McCormack has assembled essays by fourteen American and English novelists: twelve talk about novels they have written, one about a short story, one about a work in progress. Most of the pieces were written especially for this volume, but others have appeared elsewhere. There is good shop talk, and the would-be writer is bound to learn something, if only that no two novelists go at their job the same way.

By and large, so far as I can see, the contributors do their reputations no great harm. Two or three yield to the temptation to talk back to reviewers, and in the process they give away more than they ought to want to. There is no denying it: all reviewers are fallible, some almost pitifully so. On the other hand, no author was ever perfectly satisfied with a review of his book. Even the most adulatory critic, it always turns out, praises the wrong thing or fails to praise the right thing. Some years ago I met an author whose collection of short stories I had recently reviewed with marked and, I still think, justified enthusiasm. I had, however, spoken of one story as showing his weakest side. As soon as we were introduced, he said belligerently, "So you didn't like such-and-such! Why, that's the best goddam story I ever wrote." Having written a number of books, and having been as sore at reviewers as the next one, I think I have learned that, except for correcting factual errors, an author is wise to keep his mouth shut.

Most of the contributors stand on solid ground. The novelist whom I quoted at the beginning would not say, I'm sure, that Henry James was crazy to write his prefaces. James never wasted his time in talking about his intentions or complaining about being misunderstood; he discussed with great cogency the specific problems of craftsmanship he had encountered. The best essays in this volume do the same thing. Louis Auchincloss explains why and how Dr. Endicott Peabody of Groton was transformed into Francis Prescott, Rector of Justin. Wright Morris describes the way in which the assassination of President Kennedy disrupted the writing of his novel *One Day* and subsequently gave the work a special meaning and greater unity. Robert Crichton talks exuberantly, as is appropriate for a young man who has written a highly successful first novel, about the process by which *The Secret of Santa Vittoria* came into being.

Some of the contributions are more than ordinarily revelatory. George P. Elliott reports that his remarkably effective short story, "Among the Dangs," grew out of a dream that he had during a stay at Yaddo, and he traces the process of growth. The prodigiously fertile Anthony Burgess explains why he decided to write a novel about Shakespeare—for the quatercentenary of the playwright's birth—and shows how *Nothing Like the Sun* took shape. William Gass's contribution is a letter that he wrote to his editor, David Segal of Harper & Row, about *Omensetter's Luck*. In its fullness and its frankness it reminds me of the letter Malcolm Lowry wrote Jonathan Cape about *Under the Volcano*. Both men, it should be noted, were writing their editors, who had a legitimate professional interest in their intentions, and both wrote with an intensity that preserved them from any touch of fatuousness.

As I have said before, it is the diver-

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sity of the novel as a form that keeps it alive. In addition to *Afterthoughts,* which ought to be useful in the classroom and interesting to all readers of fiction, I have four books that deserve at least brief comments.

What Anaïs Nin is talking about in *The Novel of the Future* (Macmillan, $5.95) is, not surprisingly, the kind of novel, poetic and surrealistic, that she writes. She talks well not only about her own work but also about the work of such writers as Henry Miller, Nathanael West, John Hawkes, Marguerite Young, Djuna Barnes, and William Goyen. That this or any other particular kind of novel is likely to be *the* novel of the future I doubt, but it is a kind of novel that is showing considerable vitality in the present, and Miss Nin's book makes clear what its virtues are.

A novelist more different from Anaïs Nin than Irving Wallace is hard to imagine. No poet he! In *The Writing of One Novel* (Simon & Schuster, $4.95) he tells how he got the idea for *The Prize,* how much research he did, what notes and outlines he made, how many hours he spent in writing the first draft, what changes he made in order to sell the book to the movies, and how it was received by the press and the public. Needless to say, he takes himself as seriously as if he were William Faulkner, and he does make it clear that writing a commercial success is hard work.

Charles Townsend Copeland used to tell the students in his English 12 at Harvard that they ought to travel to the far parts of the world in order to have something exciting to write about. Ann Bridge found herself committed to travel when her husband, Owen O'Malley, joined the Foreign Office. She accompanied him to China in the early Twenties, and out of that experience came her first novel, *Peking Picnic.* Since then she has spent much time in Eastern Europe, Spain, Portugal, the United States, and Turkey. Each country has given her a subject for at least one novel. In *Facts and Fictions* (McGraw-Hill, $5.95) she does not analyze closely the process by which her experiences were translated into books, but we do get a feeling for the way her imagination worked. Her recent novels have been a strange but successful blending of spy story and travel guide.

With *Experience in the Novel* (Columbia University Press, $5.50) we come to academic criticism, but of the better sort. George P. Elliott is here too, being a teacher as well as a writer, and the other contributors are Roy Harvey Pearce (the editor), J. Hillis Miller, Northrop Frye, Francis Russell Hart, K. J. Fielding, and Alan Trachtenberg. There is not much here for the writer of fiction but a good deal for the reader.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Solzhenitsyn's Prediction

American reviewers of *The First Circle,* by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn [*SR,* Sept. 14], have, I believe, uniformly predicted that this great satirical novel will never get past the Kremlin censors. Its fictional documentation of what went on in a Russian prison for political prisoners and its unsparing portrayal of Stalin himself would all too realistically indict some present-day police state methods that still prevail in the USSR and, alas, in Czechoslovakia.

Furthermore, one particular prison episode, relating to the space race, provides an up-to-the-minute reason why the Kremlin would not permit the publication of *The First Circle.* On New Year's Eve 1949, two prisoners in sardonic high spirits anticipate the Russian spacemen's flight to the moon:

> "When our people start on the first flight to the moon, there will naturally be one final session right beside the rocket just before take-off. The crew will agree to economize on fuel, beat the cosmic speed record, not to stop the space ship for repairs in flight, and to carry out the landing on the moon with a rating of 'good' or 'excellent.' One of the three crew members will be a political guidance officer. During flight he will instruct the pilot and the navigator in the political uses of cosmic journeys, and demand statements from them for the newspapers."
>
> Pryanchikov heard this prediction as he was running through the room with a towel and soap. With a ballet movement he leaped toward Khorobrov and, frowning oddly, said, "Ilya Terentich! Let me assure you, it won't be that way."
>
> "And how will it be?"
>
> Pryanchikov put his finger to his lips mysteriously, as in a detective film. "Americans will be on the moon first."
>
> He burst into clear, childish laughter and ran off.

Carlton F. Wells.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Prejudiced

Tom Driver's review of Walter Kaufmann's *Tragedy and Philosophy* [*SR,* Dec. 28] is snide, supercilious and condescending and contains all the arrogant self-righteous clichés which one is so accustomed to hear from many theologians or writers on "religion." The humanist, agnostic or person who does not accept the basic "sacred" premises of the theologian is "superficial, jejune, prejudiced." Walter Kaufmann therefore is a "maverick" philsopher. His performance "nowhere very impressive"; he wrote a "wrong-headed" book.

In addition to brilliantly analyzing the self-seeking tortuous absurdity of thought of theologians in his "faith of a heretic," he committed the sacrilege of attacking St. Aristotle, the man who thought a fly had four legs and a drop of wine in a barrel of water became water and who set up the most rigid rules which held back human thought and the development of the theater for over a thousand years. As a classic patron saint of scholastism, he has to be above criticism in the "minds" of the professional theologians and their followers.

I consider Mr. Driver prejudiced, superficial, pompous and jejune.

Ernest B. Mainzer.
Mansfield, O.

Where Does He Get the *Chutzpa*?

James Yaffe states in his book *The American Jews* [*SR,* Dec. 7] that "The separateness and exclusiveness of Judaism were essential once. . . . They are no longer essential. . . ." Mr. Yaffe has incredible *chutzpa!* What are the qualifications that give him the right to set forth ideas concerning the destination of an ancient people who have given the world the great ethical and moral code laid down in the Torah? He is obviously ignorant of the richness and beauty of Orthodox Jewish life and of the fact that it need not restrain their secular and intellectual endeavors.

And what does he expect would be accomplished by this vainglorious suggestion of his? Does he perhaps imagine that the Jews would be completely accepted by the Christian world upon their assimilation into it? Let him look to Germany for the answer to that query. Let Mr. Yaffe immerse himself thoroughly in Jewish history and the lesson the Jews have learned from attempts at assimilation, and also immerse himself in the meaning of Jewish life, before he takes it upon himself to make such outrageous statements.

Mona Eskolsky Brafman.
Bedford, Mass.

My response to Mr. Harvey Buchanan [Book Forum, *SR,* Dec. 21] anent his comments on James Yaffe's book is to have to utter a *geshrai,* not a pipsqueak of a *kvitch* to be relieved of these pontifical remarks on the universalist heaven he envisions: A synthesis of Christianity and Judaism that washes out to syncretistic mish-mash of holy wafers and matzoths.

The abysmal ignorance of Yaffe in Judaism and Jewish culture hardly confers on him the right to issue dictums on the values of a heritage to which he hardly relates. Those who are in a dilemma about their identity, or the relevancy of their beliefs, would find it more cogent to peruse the voluminous literature that has come down through the centuries without any qualms or misgivings about their heritage.

Harry Bloom.
Downey, Calif.

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Why Hitler Failed

The Bitter Woods, *by John S. D. Eisenhower (Putnam. 506 pp. $10), draws on the author's own experiences as well as on military archives and the recollections of German officers, for a detailed account of the Battle of the Bulge. Robert Leckie's latest book, "The Wars of America," was published last year.*

By ROBERT LECKIE

In December 1944, when Nazi Germany stood besieged between the Russian Army on the East and the Allied Expeditionary Force on the West, Adolf Hitler launched a desperately daring counter-attack intended to reverse his fortunes at a single blow. It struck against the Allies through the rolling woods of Belgium's Ardennes Forest, the place where the Blitzkrieg of 1940 had burst upon the startled Anglo-French, splitting them, ultimately hurling the British from the Continent, and herding the French toward their humiliating surrender at Compiègne.

Hitler hoped once again to divide and destroy a coalition, this time the Anglo-Americans, and then, by crossing the Meuse to seize the vast and vital port of Antwerp, so demoralize them that they would drop the fight in the West, thus freeing Germany to turn with concentrated energy upon the Russians in the East. This was the strategy that triggered the controversial Battle of the Bulge.

Why Hitler failed—why, indeed, he was almost doomed to fail—is explained by John S. D. Eisenhower in a powerful narrative that is authoritative, accurate, and instructive, frequently fascinating, sometimes dramatic or humorous, and only occasionally difficult to follow.

Probably few writers on either side of the conflict are better qualified to tell this story. Himself a staff officer of that First Army against whose units the attack was launched, son of the Supreme Commander, who met in the Bulge the crisis of both his "crusade" and his career, John Eisenhower reveals in this study not only his intimacy with the members of the Allied High Command but great diligence in consulting German archives and interviewing those German officers who are still living. Out of a mountain of record and recollection he has carved what may stand as the definitive account of the critical battle of the European Theater.

Actually, *The Bitter Woods* is five stories in one. First, it is an intriguing study in command relationships. On the German side, one sees the military mystic Adolf Hitler dominating his generals with his fanatical will and insisting, against their better judgment, upon a massive effort foredoomed to failure. On the Allied side, General Eisenhower appears as a commander who possessed the complete confidence of his political superiors, one whose own free and easy relationships with his subordinates resulted in the flexibility that enabled the Allies to respond so rapidly to the German surprise.

Secondly, the book is a capsule history of the march from the Channel to the Elbe. It begins with a brief description of the breakout of St.-Lô and the whirlwind pursuit across France (so rapid, as Mr. Eisenhower points out, that eighteen airdrops were canceled as unnecessary), and ends with a summary of events subsequent to the Bulge. In this the author makes clear how Hitler's desperate gamble, half madness and half genius, weakened the *Wehrmacht* in the West and absolutely crippled it in the East.

Mr. Eisenhower's work is also a defense of the Supreme Commander's strategy in advancing toward Germany on a broad front, rather than concentrating his forces for a single deep thrust into the German heartland. He shows that when the broad front was eventually achieved through the invasion of Southern France, it protected the flanks, guaranteed a steady flow of supplies through ports to North and South, and eliminated any danger of attack from the rear. This is not new, of course, but the author's clarity and detachment are.

Fourthly, *The Bitter Woods* excels as a study in coalition warfare. Perhaps no coalition in history functioned as smoothly and successfully as the British and Americans in World War II. This was probably due as much to a common language and political heritage, and a similarity in military organization, as to Dwight D. Eisenhower's remarkable capacity for getting people with conflicting personalities or ideas to work together. Yet, as Hitler foresaw, the Bulge shook even this unique partnership. The stress of containing the German penetration led to misunderstandings between General Eisenhower and Field Marshal Montgomery that nearly culminated in Eisenhower's asking the Combined Chiefs to choose, in effect, between Ike and Monty. Reading the passages describing this clash, one is compelled to wonder how allies divided by differences in language, race, and military custom could ever possibly function.

In his fifth objective—the attempt to describe the Ardennes Campaign at every level, "from Supreme Commander to squad leader"—Mr. Eisenhower is not so successful. When he is with the top echelons and the planners, he is superb; but when he moves to the front where men are fighting or fleeing, he is wooden. True, *The Bitter Woods* is full of junior officers and enlisted men, but they seem to move on paper rather than on earth. At times one is not always sure why they are where they are. Nor do the frequent descriptions of the numerous small-unit actions that characterized the fighting in the Bulge always add up to the sum of the battle. It is in these passages that Mr. Eisenhower's text becomes difficult to follow. However, it should be remembered that the fragmentary and fitful nature of the Ardennes fighting would thwart any attempt to keep the narrative flowing smoothly.

The Bitter Woods is an outstanding work. It stamps John S. D. Eisenhower as a top-flight military historian. With its numerous and splendidly simple maps, it is a most valuable contribution to the growing history of World War II.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

FOR ART'S SAKE

A dozen paintings are displayed below by Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Mo., who merely asks you to identify each with its artist and location. (If you also know the name of the building, take a bonus!) The labels are uncovered on page 39.

A. *American Gothic* ( )
B. *Artist's Mother* ( )
C. *Blue Boy* ( )
D. *Last Judgment* ( )
E. *Last Supper* ( )
F. *Laughing Cavalier* ( )
G. *Maids of Honor* ( )
H. *Primavera* ( )
I. *Sistine Madonna* ( )
J. *Soldier and Gipsy* ( )
K. *Three Bathers* ( )
L. *View of Toledo* ( )

1. Botticelli
2. Gainsborough
3. Giorgione
4. El Greco
5. Hals
6. Leonardo
7. Michelangelo
8. Raphael
9. Renoir
10. Velásquez
11. Whistler
12. Wood

a. Chicago
b. Cleveland
c. Dresden
d. Florence
e. London
f. Madrid
g. Milan
h. New York
i. Paris
j. Rome
k. San Marino, Calif.
l. Venice

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"Victor Charlie" versus the Gallant

West to Cambodia *(Cowles. 253 pp. $3.95) and* ***Bird*** *(Cowles. 206 pp. $3.95), by S.L.A. Marshall, chronicle two phases of the Vietnamese war as seen through the eyes of a military professional. Books by Martin Russ include "Happy Hunting Ground: An Ex-Marine's Odyssey in Vietnam."*

By MARTIN RUSS

HERE ARE TWO PINT-SIZED but worthy books for armchair warriors from that grand old Yankee militarist S.L.A. Marshall. *West to Cambodia* describes some Army attempts in 1966 to plug infiltration routes from the Cambodian sanctuary. *Bird* tells how two regiments of North Vietnamese overran but failed to crush an isolated U.S. base called Landing Zone Bird, also in 1966.

One of the strengths of the Oriental army is its disregard for the lives of its soldiers, and this is vividly brought out in *West to Cambodia* when an American unit is sucked into an ambush by live decoys. Six North Vietnamese soldiers pop up like cardboard silhouette targets on the skyline, leading the bemused Americans on. It is an electrifying piece of drama, ending in the death of the human lures. Both of these books, let it be said, are as dramatic as anything to come out of Vietnam.

Marshall is good at conveying the sense of astonishment and unreality that is combat, qualities which television fails utterly to convey. A mortar shell explodes near a group of at-ease soldiers, a sniper's bullet brushes the forehead of one; yet they continue what they were doing, unable to believe they're in battle. A soldier takes time out to pull on his boots, knowing that enemy skirmishers are approaching his tent. One wonders why the Army hasn't figured out some way to prepare the green soldier for this numbing and often fatal reaction, so strong that many soldiers gawk in wonder during a fire fight and never think to join in. True, men zapping one another is not your everyday Sunday sight—but even so. The most painful example of this combat surrealism in *West to Cambodia* occurs when two platoons convince themselves on no evidence that they're surrounded, and waste a desperate black-comedy hour pouring fire into the jungle, incidentally denying support to a platoon that needs help.

Bird describes a battle between a lousy American outfit and an even lousier North Vietnamese one. Landing Zone Bird was poorly chosen, poorly fortified, and poorly defended. The defenders' weapons were so dirty that many of them jammed. Marshall doesn't say so, but it's clear the North Vietnamese would have won this Christmas-night battle if they hadn't beaten themselves. Their self-defeat arose from the habit Asian armies have of sticking to a battle plan even after it becomes inappropriate. Not that the troops attacking Bird were exactly élite to begin with. Marshall tells how, just as the U.S. position was being overrun, a squad of North Viets stumbled across a Christmas package and thereupon plopped down on their collective rear for a big feast of plum pudding, dates, candy and nuts. For all the palaver one hears about wily "Victor Charlie," the evidence of twenty years shows that while the Vietnamese Communist soldier is good *en masse* as at Dienbienphu, his efficiency is questionable below regimental level. As a guerrilla he's unbeatable, of course. One peasant with a rifle and some jungle to hide in will always be able to discombobulate the lumbering mechanical elephant that is a U.S. infantry company.

ONE thing about these books may drive dovish readers up the wall: Marshall himself. He dedicates *West to Cambodia* "To all the good and gallant guys who fought for this country in Vietnam; and the back of my hand to the punks, professors, and preachers who ran about ranting that they were careless killers of women and children in a no-good war." Describing a napalm air strike, he says, "There were no anti-Dow Chemical Company preachers or undergraduate mobs to stop them." (Harumph.) To this cranky old party anyone who criticizes the war is "indecent and impudent."

Marshall's two books make good reading, though, if one happens to be a war lover. In one volume after another the retired brigadier has chronicled the adventures and misadventures of GI's action, showing a complete lack of interest in war as tragedy or abomination. Like most career soldiers, he is callous. Describing how a soldier pumped more than fifty bullets into an oncoming Vietnamese ("The shots tore his guts out—McLemore saw the abdominal cavity open and the intestines spill forth"), he quotes the man's wisecrack as his victim dies at his feet, which is all right—as American as apple pie and all that—but demands some sort of interpretation. Later on, he quotes part of a letter from the gunner's mom: "I taught David to be a kind and respectable person." Somehow this is not the way David comes across to the reader.

Behind the Snow Curtain

Tibet, *by Thubten Jigme Norbu and Colin M. Turnbull (Simon & Schuster. 352 pp. $7.50), portrays an exotic land and an extraordinary people through the eyes of the elder brother of the Dalai Lama. In "Tibetan Venture," published by A. S. Barnes last March, C.G. Lewis, a young Anglican priest working in Newcastle upon Tyne, England, described his experiences with Tibetan refugees in India, where he taught at a school for incarnate lamas.*

By C. G. LEWIS

ONE OF THE MANY CYNICAL side lights of the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia was Chou En-lai's condemnation of it as "an abominable crime against the Czechoslovak people." If any modern parallel is to be found, it is the rape of Tibet by the Chinese. The invasion of Czechoslovakia, moreover, will ultimately have done no more than delay what is inevitable. Tibet, even if the Chinese were to leave tomorrow, has been irretrievably altered.

And yet Tibet's loss is the world's gain. The Chinese have driven into the gaze of the world from behind their curtain of snow a remnant of one of the most wonderful people on earth. Those who have had the privilege of living with Tibetans cannot fail to be influenced by their combination of spiritual depth and spontaneous gaiety; for those denied the privilege ample witness to these qualities has become available in books, not just as formerly from the pens of travelers but from Tibetans themselves.

Few such books deserve to be more widely read than *Tibet*, by Thubten Jigme Norbu, the elder brother of the Dalai Lama, and Colin M. Turnbull, author of *The Forest People*. Although they claim to have written merely "an image of Tibet as seen by one man," the history of the country can rarely have been related more comprehensively. Indeed, anybody not already captivated by Tibet and familiar with something of its past and religion might be swamped by the purely historical material.

Opening with a legend about the creation of the world—the wind "moving the face of the waters" is one of several clear parallels with Genesis—the authors describe the everyday life, before the Chinese invasion, of various classes of Tibetans from aristocrats to brigands. They then turn to the history of the country, beginning with the era of the primitive Bön religion, when Tibet was one of the foremost military powers in Asia. The growth of Buddhism in Tibet is traced, and its unique characteristics, including the differences between the

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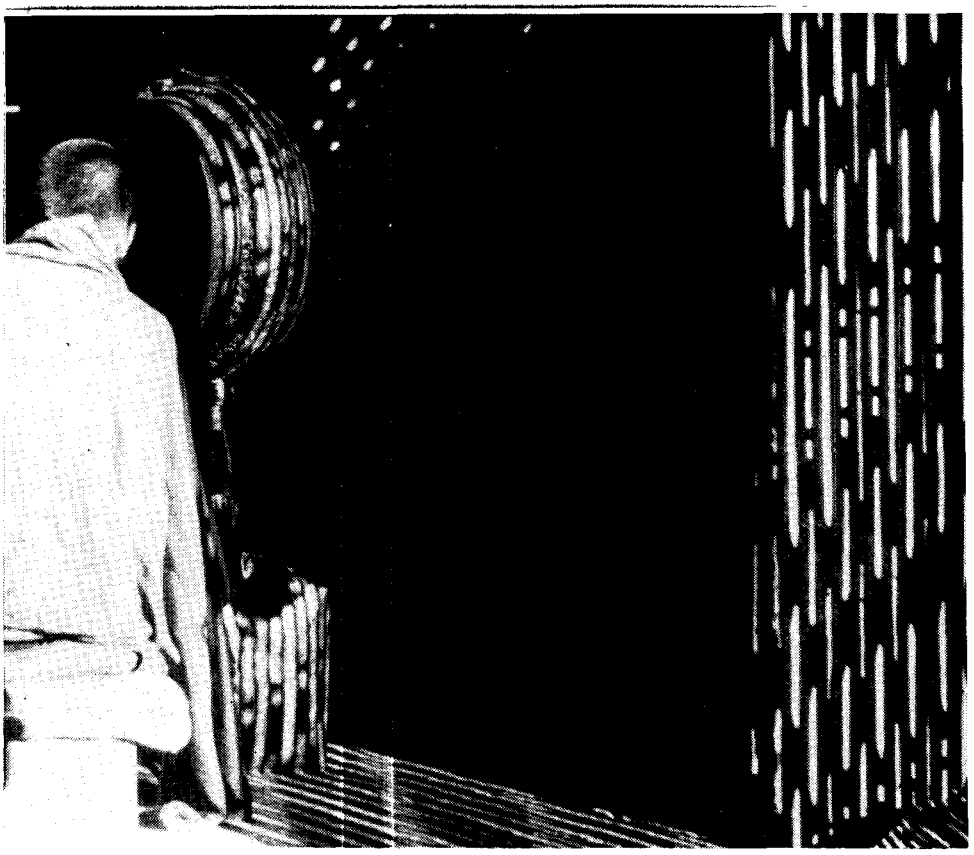
four main sects of Tibetan Buddhism, are clearly delineated. We learn in lucid detail how the concept of reincarnated lamas emerged, and how the Dalai Lama is chosen, and are told of the esoteric tantric practices that play such a large part in Tibetan religion. So devout are the people that even the brigands make pilgrimages to Lhasa of a thousand miles or more, measuring every yard of the way by lying full length on the ground and standing again where their foreheads have touched.

Happily avoiding the stylistic contortions often found in works of dual authorship, *Tibet* is enlivened by Thubten Norbu's own experiences and his contagious love for his country, a land of perilous storms and bitter cold as well as of tangible silence and exquisite beauty. The humor of the Tibetans is typified in Norbu's description of his efforts as a child to roast a potato over the sacred butter lamp on the shrine at his home.

Norbu's sympathy and integrity are impressive. The first is illustrated by his attitude toward the sixth Dalai Lama, whom almost everyone save Tibetans regarded as dissolute because of his nocturnal visits to "little houses." Regardless of what actually happened between him and his paramours, writes Norbu, the Dalai Lama's poetry reveals the heights to which he raised his relationship with women:

I went to my teacher, with devotion filled,
To learn of the Lord Buddha.
My teacher taught, but what he said escaped;
For my mind was full of compassion,
Full of that Compassionate One who loves me.
She has stolen my mind.



— Rochelle Girson.

Refugee Tibetan lama in Nepal—"spiritual depth and spontaneous gaiety."

Norbu's integrity—one of the abiding memories of the book—impels him to share with the reader his doubts about whether he himself really is a reincarnation of the monk Tagster he is supposed to be.

Most people associate Tibet with strange and wondrous happenings, but anybody seeking such tales here will be disappointed. The author does not deny them, but for him they are unimportant: Whether they or other phenomena are true depends entirely on the individual. If he believes in them they are true for him. That is all. What Norbu does say—and its impact is the greater for his restraint—is, "I have seen enough to make me understand that there are many things about ourselves that we do not know and many powers that lie hidden through ignorance or lack of proper teaching and training."

Were the West to take this message alone to heart, the Chinese invasion of Tibet would not have proved an unmitigated disaster.

Ocean of Wisdom

HIS OWN PERSONAL REPUTATION, and the ever-increasing strength of the sect he ruled, soon brought Sonam Gyatso an invitation to visit the court of the great Mongolian ruler, Altan Khan. . . .

Mongolia, at this time, was by far the greatest political force in the East. In China the Ming dynasty was becoming weaker and weaker and could offer little resistance to the continual invasions of their land by the Mongol armies. The Mongols were a people much like the Tibetans had been before Buddhism came to Tibet. There was little room in their lives for compassion for fellow human beings, let alone for animals. Such feelings would have been considered almost criminal weaknesses. Yet the message that Sonam Gyatso brought was undiluted, uncompromised and uncompromising. He announced that the time had come for Mongolia to accept the Buddhist religion and that from that moment onward there must be no further animal sacrifice, all images of the old gods were to be destroyed, customs such as the immolation of women on their husbands' funeral pyres were to be discontinued, there must be no taking of life, animal or human, for any reason, and military exploits must be abandoned. The latter command was of no small importance to Tibet, as well as China, for Tibet had been suffering for many years from the invasion of its northern territories by Mongol armies.

It is not easy to see why such an apparently unattractive message was even listened to with respect, yet it was not only heard, it was heeded. Altan Khan himself embraced Buddhism and officially proclaimed that it should be the national religion of Mongolia from thenceforth. Sonam Gyatso said that Altan Khan, in an earlier life, had been the great Kublai, who had been converted to Buddhism by the Sakya, and that his destiny and that of Mongolia were thus inevitably bound to that of Buddhism. Sonam further enhanced his own position as Altan Khan's spiritual mentor by saying that he himself had been the Sakya Lama who had converted Kublai more than three hundred years earlier. Altan Khan, to show his recognition, bestowed on Sonam Gyatso the title of *Dalai Lama,* "Dalai" being a Mongolian translation of the Tibetan "Gyatso," meaning ocean, and the title therefore meaning Ocean of Wisdom. This is the title by which the leader of the Gelukpa sect has been known ever since, in China and in the Western world, but most Tibetans would not even know what it meant. In Tibet each head of the Gelukpa sect . . . is most often referred to as Gyalwa Rinpoche, or "Victorious One," or Kyabngon Rinpoche, "Precious Protector."

—*From "Tibet."*

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Nature's Cycle Slashed by Greed

Strong Wind, *by Miguel Angel Asturias, translated from the Spanish by Gregory Rabassa (Delacorte. 242 pp. $6.95), protests against the foreign exploitation of human beings and natural resources in Central America. Robert G. Mead, Jr., who teaches Spanish American literature at the University of Connecticut, has published three books of criticism in the field.*

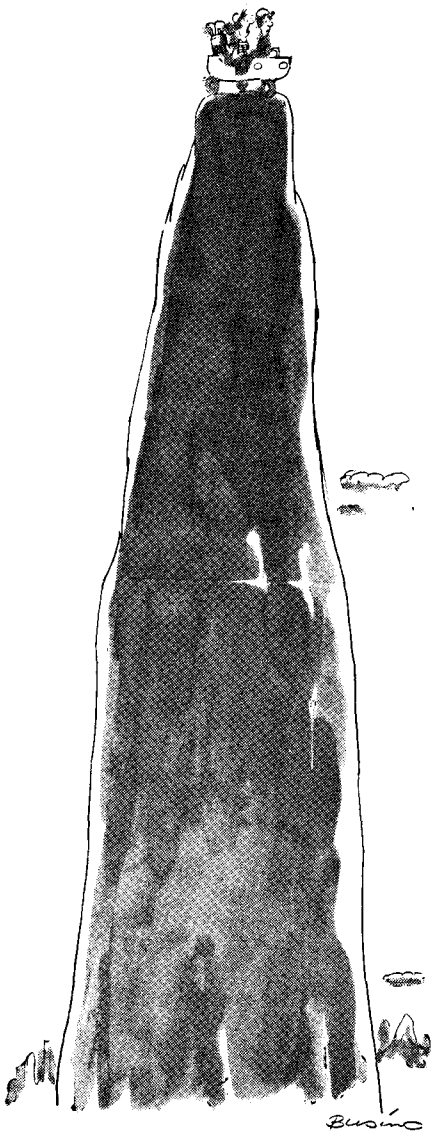
By ROBERT G. MEAD, JR.

As more of the 1967 Nobel Prize-winner's work becomes available in English, American readers are receiving a rather strange sampling of the fiction of Miguel Angel Asturias. First of the Guatemalan's novels to be translated was *El Señor Presidente,* published in our country in 1964, forty-four years after Asturias began to write it and almost two decades after it was originally issued in Mexico. Then followed *Mulata* in 1967, or four years after the Spanish original, and now we have *Strong Wind,* first published in 1950, in a fine and sensitive translation by Gregory Rabassa. *Strong Wind* is one of a trilogy of novels generally considered to be a thinly veiled attack on the United Fruit Company. Thus chance has given us several facets of the entire Asturias work, but in no logical order as to chronology or subject. And yet there is much of the whole Miguel Angel Asturias in each of these novels. Social protest and poetry; reality and myth; nostalgia for an uncorrupted, golden past; sensual, human enjoyment of the present; "magic" rather than lineal time, and, above all, a tender, compassionate love for the living, fertile, wondrous land and the struggling, hopeful people of Guatemala.

We in the United States, I think, must constantly keep in mind an observation by Asturias as we read the book. He has stated: "Latin American literature is still a literature of combat," and that, for him, "the novel is the only means I have of making the needs and aspirations of my people known to the world." For Asturias, then, as for a large number of other contemporary writers of fiction in Latin America, writing is an inevitable and insoluble struggle between the writer as creator and communicator of his own personal world and the writer as communicator of social, political, and economic information. As an artist Asturias clearly prefers the first role but, on the other hand, his moral commitment prevents him from abandoning the second role.

Strong Wind is an earlier, shorter, and not so substantial or finished a novel as *Mulata.* Asturias does not take time to develop most of his characters fully nor does he seem to be as at ease with them as in the later novel. We are shown glimpses of their lives rather than long, developmental sequences, and in only a handful of cases do the characters come alive. But all of this is perhaps secondary to Asturias's main purpose: to protest, with all the art and passion at his command, against the exploitation of human beings and the disruption of nature's processes.

This is precisely what motivates the novel's protagonist, Lester Mead. An American entrepreneur, once an official of Tropical Banana, Inc., in an unidentified Central American country, Mead has earlier disguised himself as an itinerant peddler in order to come to know the life of the people and the whole cycle of the banana economy. He becomes absolutely convinced of the need to educate the United States company and the native growers so that they will work together in harmony, and to make both of them understand the dangerous consequences of breaking—for motives of profit and personal ambition—nature's great cycle of existence. Mead is fortunate to find a wife, Leland, who shares his convictions and his love of inviolate nature. They struggle for their ideal but are finally defeated—destroyed by the "strong wind" or hurricane, which wipes out the good with the bad and is nature's revenge for her violation by man. These two characters form an interesting team, archetypal protagonists through whom we gain unusual insight into the broad and deep effects of economic imperialism upon the psyche of the people, both native and foreign, and upon the land on which they live.



"Admit It, Alice—we're lost."

Lester Mead, a strange and remarkable character despite his rather incidental and episodic development, delivers some memorable observations in the course of the book. Two are perhaps even more timely today than they were almost twenty years ago, when he first uttered them. When Mead travels north to the United States to plead with the "Green Pope," head of international Tropical Banana, for a fairer price to the growers, he speaks with an eloquence that might well be pondered by contemporary corporation executives:

> If the stockholders only knew what it is like to cultivate a piece of land, plant banana trees on it, and when the first fruit appears like the sweetest hope in life, to take it off to be sold, carrying it with great difficulty and care in ox carts or on muleback and laying it out where it can be bought, and to wait under the sun for hours on end, filling themselves up with illusions about the benefits gained from the fruit of honest work, and suddenly to receive a negative answer from the inspector, who refuses to buy the bunches, giving the thousand reasons they come out with in cases like that, and everything a person owns becomes so much battered fruit discarded alongside the railroad tracks like something dead, like something worthless, something that was cultivated in vain because it has no price, because it doesn't represent anything for anybody, not for the person who produced it, not for the company, not even to be given away . . . and a person is left with the corpse of a living thing that cost him so much and which is not dead, because it is alive, it is a green reality, a definite, obvious presence, but since it was not purchased it's lost its value in relation to the market that you people manipulate at your whim.

Back with his wife, embittered by unsuccessful pleading and the thought that profits mean more to the Green Pope than people, Lester embraces her with tender sadness and whispers brokenly, "Leland, we've lost the world; we Americans have lost the world."

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Life at the Highest Pitch

***Impossible Object,** by Nicholas Mosley (Coward-McCann. 219 pp. $4.95), concerns a middle-aged man and woman who labor furiously to keep their love and their lives from becoming ordinary. Robert Scholes is the author of "The Fabulators," a study of recent fiction.*

By ROBERT SCHOLES

I NOTE WITH SHAME that *Impossible Object* is Nicholas Mosley's seventh novel. With shame, because he is so good and this is the first of his books I have read, though I saw the Pinterized film version of his *Accident*. And I wonder, has he always been this good, hidden among the unappreciative English? Or has he developed from book to book the mastery he exhibits in *Impossible Object*? All I know is that he now has under full control four of the novelist's priceless gifts. He knows how to exploit the metaphoric possibilities of language. He has a shrewd grasp of the dynamics of emotional and sexual relationships. He has a developed sense of the philosophical, which lends resonance to the situations and people he presents. And he knows how to handle the storyteller's fundamental tools: suspense and revelation.

Certainly no one is born with all these gifts. But I, for one, mean to look into Mr. Mosley's earlier work to find out just what was going on back there. At the moment, however, I must try to describe *Impossible Object*—no easy task. This quotation from the epilogue points to the difficulty:

> I wanted to write you something impossible, like a staircase climbing a spiral to come out where it started or a cube with a vertical line at the back overlapping a horizontal one in front. These cannot exist in three dimensions but can be drawn in two; by cutting out one dimension a fourth is created. The object is that life is impossible; one cuts out fabrication and creates reality.

Mr. Mosley's book is an impossible object in that it is constructed of eight separate stories, all fairly straightforward and realistic in presentation, which cannot be brought into three-dimensional congruity. The same characters—or characters with many of the same attributes—reappear frequently, but it is hard to sort their lives into any single story. The central characters seem to be a woman with a daughter and a man with three sons, who love one another and labor furiously to keep their love and their lives from becoming ordinary. For the man in particular this is a major goal in life, almost an obsession. He knows that "love flourishes in time of war" and that life dwindles unless we "make impossibilities." Love itself, conceivable as an idea, is impossible as an object. It exists in two or four dimensions and cannot be brought into three; it cannot be realized and made permanent. And neither can life. The essence of life is that it is transitory yet repetitious. If we seek by an act of will to freeze certain recurring moments into the permanence of art, we engage in a heroic but doomed struggle. That is what Mr. Mosley's book is about.

In *Impossible Object* the struggle takes the form of various attempts by the man to keep his life and the lives of those connected with him at the most intense possible pitch. He is successful. He is also destructive of strangers, family, himself. He leaves a trail of dead and wounded behind him in his pursuit of "ecstasy." And we are not allowed the luxury of condemnation. After all, we are paying to observe all this. And destruction—even the culminating death of a love-child—is not the whole story:

> You used to dislike happy endings, feeling it is better to have your heart cut out like an Aztec rather than suffer the prevarications of Spaniards. So I have given you an unhappy end like those of your favorite films—the girl shot over and over in snow like a rabbit, the car drowning in a few inches of water. There is also a happy end, though this is less explicit.

The narrator is talking to someone here. Perhaps it is the man, who is a writer, talking to his lover, or to his wife. But it is also the author talking to us, making a last attempt to prevent our response from being commonplace.

Interpolated among the eight stories, and standing as prologue and epilogue to the larger sequence, are nine little fables or parables on related themes. These are brilliant prose constructions, combining images and perspectives with a vigor and control reminiscent of the later work of Picasso. The scenes they present are grotesque and bizarre, but always rooted in life and returning to life. These little pieces frame the "real" action, but the word "frame" is too inactive to convey how they really operate. Mosley uses his perspectivist parables as a way of generating an emotionally charged field of ideas and attitudes which then cluster around the situations in the "real" stories, illuminating them with a fabulous phosphorescence.

After John Fowles's *The Magus* (a very different kind of novel), this is the best book by a young Englishman that I have read in recent years.

"What ever happened to the war-between-the-sexes?"

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To Be Truly Free

Continued from page 25

of the economic ladder, with all capital concentrated in white hands.

Taken together, these three volumes serve to emphasize that what this nation needs now, if it is to avoid violent revolutionary confrontation on a massive scale and the threat of fascist counterreaction, are political planners (broadly defined) capable of devising ways to transfer power away from the old guard (liberals as well as conservatives), who are tied to outmoded institutions designed to protect currently held prerogatives.

If one looks hard enough, a few rays of light may be discerned among the gathering clouds: the formation of new political parties devoted to humanistic goals, the black solidarity in New York's school fight, the student rebellions, and even the fact that Senator Eugene McCarthy's campaign attracted so many people who were impressed with the need for new priorites at home and abroad. Until larger scale approaches can be developed for reaching massive numbers of people, black and white, and eventually organizing them so that they can function independently of charismatic leadership and with the understanding that ultimate goals have little to do with particular election returns, the prospects will remain bleak.

The problems that hold back creative political planning—lack of funds, media opposition, the Establishment's ability to deceive the American people about the degree of internal disintegration that soon will affect everyone, and repression aimed at forcing dissension underground—cast a pall of pessimism over the dreams of those who hope that America has the flexibility to undergo substantive change without mass chaos.

Oakland is for burning, Mr. Bradford, unless someone does some straight thinking about how to create in America a climate conducive to radical change.

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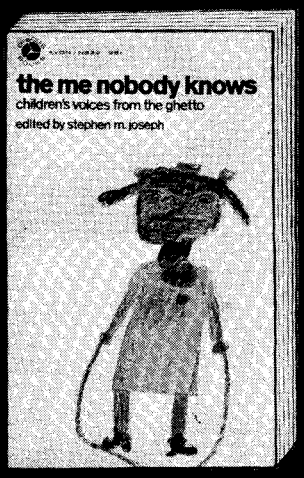

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The Struggle for Racial Sanity

Civil Rights and the American Negro: A Documentary History, *edited by Albert P. Blaustein and Robert L. Zangrando (Trident. 671 pp. Hardbound, $7.95. Washington Square Press paperback, $1.45), contains excerpts from court decisions, speeches, manifestoes, and other papers, illuminating the course of racial difficulties in the United States over more than three hundred years. Albert Vorspan is director of social action of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations.*

By ALBERT VORSPAN

THE KERNER COMMISSION has characterized America as a racist and divided society. *Civil Rights and the American Negro* traces the tortuous history of the problem back to 1619 when, as Captain John Smith of Virginia casually noted, "came in a Dutch man-of-war that sold us twenty Negroes."

Dr. Kenneth Clark, distinguished black psychologist, appearing before the President's Commission on Civil Disorders, commented wryly on the excellent reports that had followed earlier riots in America: "I read that report . . . of the 1919 riot in Chicago, and it is as if I were reading the report of the investigating committee on the Harlem riot of 1943, the report of the McCone Commission on the Watts riot."

One has precisely the same sense of *déjà vu* in plowing through this bulky collection of some 100 official documents, court decisions, historic addresses, manifestoes, and legal briefs, deftly linked by incisive comments from editors. Included are Nat Turner's "Confession," the Southern Black Codes, the first Civil Rights Acts, Charles Sumner's brilliant argument before the Massachusetts Supreme Court in 1849, W. E. B. DuBois's scorching polemics, and a summary of the Kerner Commission's recommendations. The necessarily turgid prose of lengthy legal decisions, governmental reports, and speeches sometimes yields flashes of unexpected drama. A New Jersey law of 1704 provided for castration prior to execution of any "Negro, Indian or mulatto slave" who had had carnal knowledge of a white female. In 1901 Representative George H. White of Tarboro, North Carolina, who was to be the last Negro in Congress until 1928, delivered an eloquent valedictory. The French Army during World War I issued an incredible directive forbidding Frenchmen to show any sympathy to American Negroes, who "would create for the white race in the [American] Republic a menace of degeneracy were it not that an impassable gulf has been made between them." Stokely Carmichael's "What We Want"—written in 1966, before bitterness overcame him—has a poignant power. And, of course, there is the famous confession of Nat Turner, filtered through the subjective report of Thomas Gray but spared the additional interpretations of William Styron.

Santayana once said that those who do not remember history are doomed to repeat it. In the tormented sphere of American race relations we seem to have remembered our history just well enough to repeat our mistakes and relive our tragedies.

There appear to have been three main turning points in America's struggle for racial sanity. The first was the period of ferment between the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. How could it have happened that these documents make no reference to the Negro's right to be free? It was no mere oversight. Thomas Jefferson, in his original draft of the Declaration, denounced slavery in these ringing words:

> He [George III] has incited treasonable insurrections of our fellow citizens, with the allurements of forfeiture and confiscation of our property.
>
> He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of INFIDEL powers, is the warfare of the CHRISTIAN King of Great-Britain. Determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is

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now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he also obtruded them: thus paying off former crimes committed against the LIBERTIES of one people with crimes which he urges them to commit against the LIVES of another.

Under pressure from Southern representatives in the Continental Congress, this crucial section was struck from the Declaration. The issue of slavery was also on the agenda—and, for many, on the conscience—of the fifty-five delegates who sat in Philadelphia from May to September of 1787 to draft a Constitution for the United States. The paramount moral question was reduced, out of solicitude for Southern delegates who would countenance no tampering with their institutions, to economic and political considerations. The resultant compromises, which legitimized slavery, smoldered for seven unquiet decades, up to the Civil War. Jefferson observed at the time of the Missouri Compromise, "This momentous question, like a firebell in the night, awakened and filled me with terror. I consider it at once as the knell of the Union."

The Civil War was presumably fought to preserve the Union and free the Negroes. Although Lincoln made it abundantly clear that preserving the Union was the transcendent goal, to which freedom for slaves and any other consideration would if necessary be sacrificed, he did issue the Emancipation Proclamation. For a brief moment it seemed that the blood-weary nation might seize the opportunity to bring its Negro citizens fully into the life of the country. Both during and shortly after the Civil War Congress took firm steps which, together with measures taken by President Lincoln, seemed to evidence a determination to extend real freedom and justice to millions of former slaves.

But, Albert Blaustein and Robert Zangrando point out:

> The young Republican Party of 1860, nominally dedicated to the limitation of slavery if not necessarily to its abolition, became by the mid-1870's the spokesman for industrial growth and financial interests rather than the protector of the freedmen. And, the Congressional coalition which had passed such far-reaching measures as the Freedmen's Bureau Act, the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments, and the major Civil Rights Acts from 1866 to 1875, had, by the latter year, become primarily concerned with political and economic advances.
>
> By the mid-1880's, the Supreme Court had rendered a series of decisions which overturned the bright promises of Reconstruction legislation and confirmed the indifference of white America to the future of the Negro. . . .

Led by a creative Supreme Court, which is followed, with varying degrees of reluctance, by the Legislative and Executive branches, we have now come to a new turning point. With surprising speed ancient legal barriers have been swept away. Landmark decisions have fully vindicated the black man's equal rights in virtually every sphere of American life. Our dubious war in Vietnam is being fought by an army more integrated than the communities from whence the soldiers came. Startling new opportunities have arisen for Negroes in employment, education, public service. Violent events have apparently shattered the classic white indifference to the fate of the Negro, and the conscience of an entire people seemed to be touched when an American President intoned: "We shall overcome."

While these gains are not inconsiderable, they may once again be too little and too late. We know now that only radical social and economic change can touch the life of the black poor imprisoned in the ghetto. We know, too, that white Americans will appease their conscience with racial tokenism, but are not willing to make the sacrifices involved in sharing economic and political power with the black man. We are more concerned with order disrupted than with justice denied. Rage and violence increase, and politicians pander to fear for the status quo. And we know that blacks have increasingly despaired of integration, despaired of white liberalism, and despaired of America itself.

We have reached our third—and perhaps final—crossroad. There are only two turnings. One is the way the Kerner Commission fears we are going now: the way of racial apartheid, maintained by repression and by subversion of the American ideals of equality and justice. The other way is to set our urgent priorities in order, recognizing that the achievement of racial justice is not only our first and deepest moral duty but is essential to saving our cities, our civil order, our future, our souls, and the decent respect of mankind. The firebell rings again.

"Put me down, you idiot. We lost!"

Civil Rights and the American Negro is a comprehensive and useful reference book for specialists and students. But it will also reward any reader who wants to understand the history that has led us inexorably to the bitter fruit of our racial shame today.

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Nancy Drew

Continued from page 19

from behind with a blunt instrument. There are more than thirty occasions on which Nancy is bludgeoned into unconsciousness by blows on the head, enough to reduce her to a lifetime of hanging around Stillman's Gym looking for odd jobs. She is struck by lightning, hurled down a flight of stairs, and even blown through a plaster wall by a charge of dynamite. None of this seems to have any effect, and she always bounces back, bright as a button, to foil the caitiff responsible.

The protagonists in the stories are generally poor, but well educated, having seen better days. They are patient and deserving, people of family, who have nice but run-down old houses with a few good antiques. They are ladies and gentlemen in every sense. Crooks are easily identifiable, because they are vulgar, bad-tempered, and have an unfortunate tendency to raise their voices to people. They have red or coarse, bushy black hair, and nicknames like "Spike," "Red," "Snorky," or "Flip." They further identify themselves by their regrettable preference for checkered suits, yellow overcoats, elevator shoes, and (for the oilier, better-educated crook) striped pants, spats, and goatees. Criminals always have a physical oddity: a long nose, or a missing middle finger.

The surest clue to an evil-doer in the series is grammar. A Nancy Drew felon reveals himself at once by his garbled syntax. In *The Quest of the Missing Map* Nancy receives an anonymous letter:

> Dear Miss Drew: I tuk yere boat cos I need money but I can't sell it. You kin hev it back fer five dollars. It says sumthin important inside. Don't tell the perlice and come alone on foot to 47 White Street.

Who but a miscreant would write such a letter? Nancy hurries to the White Street address, is captured, bound, gagged, and shoved in a broom closet from which she is eventually rescued by her father and Ned.

> "Are you hurt, Nancy?" her father asked apprehensively. "No, I'm all right, Dad," she reassured him, "but I'm afraid the worst has happened."

It is characteristic of Nancy that this remark is never for a moment interpreted as meaning that her abductor has taken liberties. Her rescuers assume at once, and correctly, that she means the crooks have stolen her half of the missing treasure map.

IN addition to bona fide felons with long police records, each book contains an evil couple, a shrewd, wickedly handsome man and a hard-faced, overdressed woman. Every volume also contains a homily of some sort, a little lecture on some obscure but marginally educational subject: Ming Dynasty porcelains, the impasto technique in modern painting, conchology, old ships figureheads, New Orleans trade and commerce, dye-making from whelks, button manufacture, stained glass painting – all are woven painlessly into the plot to instruct the curious little reader.

The characters who support Nancy in her adventures seem pallid compared to their heroine. Her beloved and indulgent father, Carson Drew, a "noted lawyer engaged largely in mystery cases," discusses his law practice with her and finds her opinions to be "astonishingly sound for one so young." He supplies her considerable logistical needs, replenishing her wardrobe and her private savings and checking accounts; and buys her a shiny new convertible when crooks disable hers (as they do periodically) by sawing through its brake or steering mechanism. When he is not engaged in uttering platitudes ("Success is one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration"), he is usually on his way out of town on a business trip. He looks distinguished, carries a cane, worries a lot about whether Nancy will get hurt, and always listens with interest to what she has to say. From the pre-teen point of view, this makes him a perfect Daddy. Nancy adores him, and shows it by tweaking his distinguished ear mischievously, or ruffling his well brushed gray hair.

Left motherless at an early age, Nancy was raised by elderly Hannah Gruen, who does the cooking and the heavy housework. Hannah and Nancy never depart from their servant-mistress relationship, and there is no doubt about who is the boss. Hannah is too old, too plain, and too working-class to pose a threat to Nancy's freedom or her relationship with her father, as a real mother might. When the chores get too hard for Hannah, she is assisted by her niece, Effie, a giggling cretin about Nancy's age.

Ned Nickerson, Emerson College football hero, is Nancy's sincerest admirer. Big and good-natured, malleable and self-effacing, he knows Nancy is smarter than he is and doesn't care. An Emerson sophomore for the past thirty-two years, Ned easily beats out Lord Fancourt Babberly for the all-time undergraduate longevity record. Although he makes it plain in his blunt, outspoken way that he expects to make Nancy his bride some day, Ned is allowed no physical contact or visible sign of affection. Occasionally, pursuing a hot clue in Nancy's car (faster and larger than Ned's), he will make a leading remark, pointing out that they are alone and there is moonlight. This boldness makes Nancy blush to her fingertips (a frequent habit of hers) and change the subject to "something less personal."

POOR unkissed Ned is unceremoniously brushed off in most of the books; brought in for a chapter only when a strong back is needed. Often he is a mere mention. "Where is Ned?" someone will ask. "Oh, he is in South America," Nancy will reply, without further embellishment. During the school year, he is conveniently away at college, and in the summer he works as a camp counselor. In one horrid sequence the reader is led to believe that he has shown a little gumption and asked another girl to the big Emerson dance. Nancy bears up well ("After all he has a perfect right to"), but it turns out to be a mistake, and the two are reunited.

Nancy is helped in her detective work by her dearest chums, George Fayne and Bess Marvin. George (who is a girl) has short hair, a boyish voice, and a boyish figure. She hates frilly clothes, jewelry, and people who call her "Georgina" or "Georgette." Bess is pretty but slightly plump, and is terrified by rats and spiders, a feminine weakness that causes endless merriment to her bolder companions. George has an unfortunate tendency to fall into wells, creeks, bayous, and other muddy water holes. Sometimes the girls are joined by Helen Corning, but she is a weakling, and too lah-de-dah to contribute anything to the excitement.

Nobody ever tells a lie in the series, and there are none of the commoner vices. Whiskey only appears once, in *The Bungalow Mystery,* in which a silly watchman allows himself to be seduced

WIT TWISTER #96

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The poor wretch _ _ _ _ _
the tune all wrong,
And taps with his _ _ _ _ _
foot the while,
Till _ _ _ _ _ halts him and
his song.
How can the sun look down and
smile?

(*Answer on page* 55)

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into taking one too many by would-be burglars and abandons his post. He is roundly punished for this transgression. Parents don't drink at dinner parties, and Nancy and her chums are never exposed to beer, even at the numerous fraternity functions held at Emerson College. No one smokes cigarettes. Nancy herself eschews stimulants to the extent of substituting milk or cocoa for breakfast coffee.

THERE is some sex in the series, but nothing that would have caused Colette a moment's envy. It is all of the prepubescent giggly kind, which doesn't need boy and girl contact to titillate. In *The Clue in the Crumbling Wall,* George falls into a lily pond, and, soaked to the skin, lays out her clothes to dry. She is forced to pop into a summer house with nothing on when a naughty twelve-year-old boy comes prowling around and steals all her garments, leaving her in a fine pickle indeed until Bess comes to the rescue with a raincoat. In *The Scarlet Slipper Mystery,* Nancy spots a suspect during a ballet class, and rushes into the street in a revealing leotard, unaware until she is reminded of her improper costume by the disapproving stares of passers-by. In *The Hidden Window Mystery,* a sneak thief rifles the girls' luggage and makes off with not only an important clue, but intimate bits and pieces of their underwear as well. This sort of harmless, pre-teen ribaldry serves to relieve the routine of the mysteries with an occasional blush and titter.

Negroes in the earlier books were minstrel-show stereotypes with names like Mandy and Beulah. They said things such as "Lawsy me!" and "Yassuh!" and spoke a kind of pidgin English:

> Scuse me, sah, but de bank am closin'. Ah jest natcherly got to shet de do'.

By 1957, although they still drop their consonants, Negro characters have become articulate and informative. Uncle Rufus, bayou dweller and voodoo practitioner, says:

> It was my ancestors that invented the first long distance com-mun-i-cations. We made drums that could carry sounds for miles and miles. The folks in one place sent signals an' messages by beatin' on the drums with their hands. Then the next village would pick it up an' send the signal on to another place far away. That's how they get all the members of a tribe together for special meetin's and for fightin' wars.

Uncle Rufus is still being patronized, but there is an improvement. By the 1960s the earlier books had been rewritten to expunge objectional matter (also cleaning up vulgar, pushy Johnny and Kitty Blair, who had changed their name from Sellerstein, and smirking, cringing disbarred lawyer Abe Jacobs).

Mrs. Adams is presently engaged in writing *The Invisible Intruder,* forty-third in the series, and undoubtedly the sixteen-year-old girl detective will go on forever. My daughter will never read *The Invisible Intruder,* and neither will many other girls who have achieved puberty and have begun to notice boys and create another fantasy world of a very different kind. But they are expendable in Nancy's world. There is a whole new generation of stupefied preteens with puffy red-rimmed eyes from staying up too late so that they can finish one more chapter. They can *identify* with Nancy. Following them is another generation of first-graders, spelling out their A-B-Cs, with no idea of the thrills and joys in store for them. A day will come when each of them will discover, either on her own or through the instrument of some fond relative who remembers her own girlish past, the irresistible girl detective and *The Secret of the Old Clock,* and will turn to chapter one, page one, and read:

THE LOST WILL

"It would be a shame if all that money went to the Tophams! They will fly higher than ever!" Nancy Drew, a pretty girl of sixteen, leaned over the library table and addressed her father, who sat reading a newspaper by the study lamp . . .

and the cycle will start all over again.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1329

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1329 will be found in the next issue.

. . . A YANO DCZID. E DCZI XED FZ DSOCU DZ HMPX FAHO IOACB E DCZI FXEF XO XED YAFFYO FAHO YOVF FZ HOUUYO KAFX LZM.

—KAYYAEH VEMYNCOT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1328

Credulity is the man's weakness, but the child's strength.

—CHARLES LAMB.

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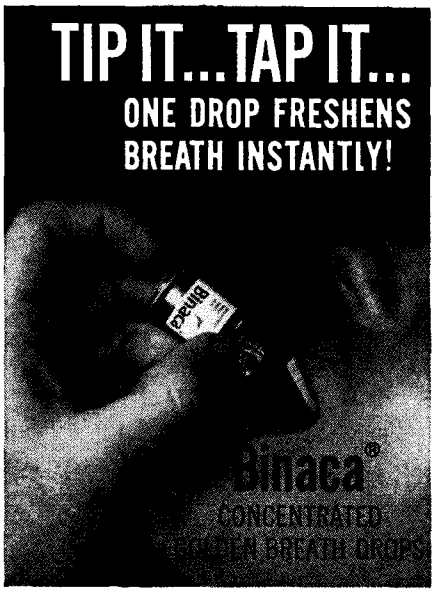

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SR's Spring Travel Feature

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

The Cognoscenti Abroad—Gore Vidal's Rome

GORE VIDAL lives in a penthouse on the Largo Argentina, the Campus Martius of ancient Rome, today a teeming market, a tramcar stop, a taxi ramp, and a ruin harboring hundreds of cats. Neither noise, fumes, nor the wails of mating felines invade Vidal's cypress-shaded terrace, six stories above the square, or disturb the peace of his sumptuously appointed apartment filled with antiques gathered from the Street of Baboons. The view takes in that part of Rome caught in the loop of the Tiber between the Ponte Garibaldi and the Ponte Cavour—to the right, St. Peter's and the Piazza del Popolo, to the left, the Campidoglio and the Aventine Hills.

Vidal drew attention to the Largo just below—"the site," he said, "of Pompey's Theater. It was Rome's most beautiful building, a vast semicircle of marble styled after the Greek Theater at Mitylene, seating 17,000 people and surrounded by sycamore gardens. Nearby stood the Curia where the Senate met on the morning Caesar was murdered. It is an educated guess that Julius Caesar fell not in the Roman Forum but at a point approximately there on the steps of the Teatro Argentina where Pompey's statue used to stand."

Vidal has a special attachment to the Teatro, an eighteenth-century structure undergoing renovation and almost invisible under a carapace of scaffolds. "*The Barber of Seville* opened there in 1816. The critics panned it so viciously that Rossini hid in despair in his lodgings on the Via de Leutari. Next night, the audience roared its approval, paraded to the place where Rossini was hiding, hanged the critics in effigy, and gave him an ovation. As a writer, I find that gratifying to remember."

He pointed out another edifice with theatrical associations, the Church of Sant'Andrea della Valle. "Its travertine façade is the setting for the first act of Puccini's *Tosca*. And now," said Vidal, concluding his penthouse presentation of the Largo Argentina, "about those cats. Everyone asks why there are so many cats in Rome. The answer is rats. Also Romans have an affinity for cats going back to the goddess Isis, to whom the cat was sacred. One of those narrow streets behind the Largo is called The Marble Foot of Isis and nearby is The Street of the Cat."

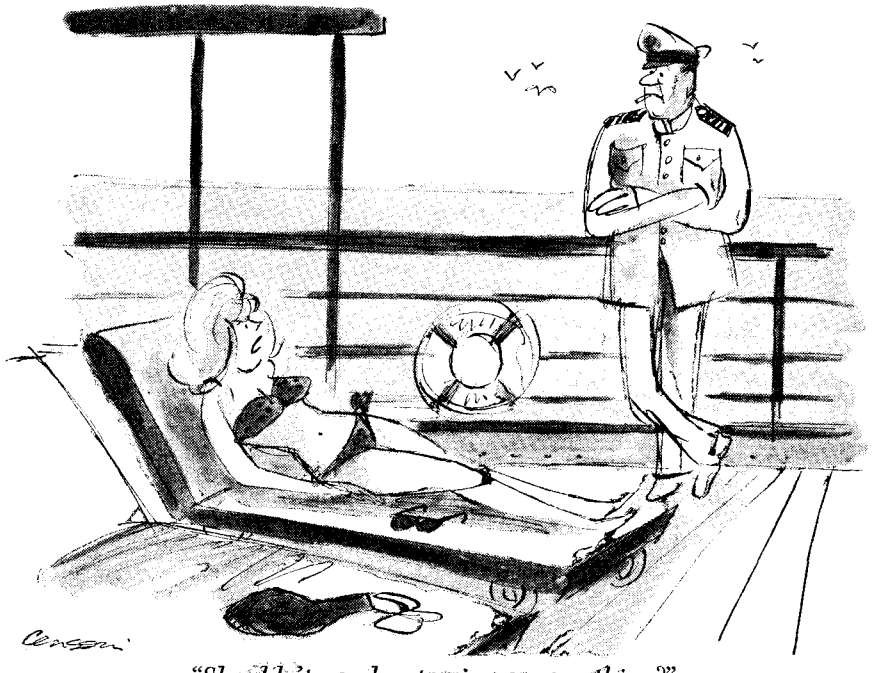
It was time for lunch. A few steps from the Largo and down a flight of stairs we entered Da Pancrazio in the Piazza del Biscione. In the dimly lit little grotto, Vidal ordered *porchini*, Roman slang for the fall's first mushrooms, roasted with garlic and oil. "They taste like an old cedar chest," he said, "but I love them as I do all the vegetables that flood into Rome from the *campagna*—the *pisallini* in springtime, peas beyond price, spinach which I normally hate but here adore, truffles which I love on *tortellini*. But we are here not so much for food as for the fact that we are eating in all that remains of the foundation of Pompey's Theater."

Vidal's Roman roots go deep. "For 600 years my family were apothecaries in the Roman province of Raetia. Our name was Vitalius, shortened in the Renaissance to Vital and spelled Vidal since 1580. Unlike the family's other branch, the Gores, who were Northerners, barbarians, burners of cities, with warriors' values, the Vidals have always been a deeply civilized city people. Since childhood, I have had a certain atavistic feeling for this city. There was a copy of Livy in the library of my grandfather's house in Washington. Despite being a bad Latin scholar, reading Livy made me pro-Roman and drew me to Italy. I was thirteen years old when I came here for the first time in 1939. We stayed at the Flora Hotel on the Via Veneto. I was overwhelmed by Mussolini and the Baths of Caracalla, but we had to get out fast when war broke out with Britain and the border was closed.

"After the war I came back with Tennessee Williams. We jeeped through all of Italy. It was 1948, a good time when almost everyone spoke English, partly because the American Army had been here and partly because movies were not yet dubbed in Italian. There was no traffic in those days. We went to the American Express on the Piazza Venezia on a Monday afternoon and we were the only car in the square. Ten years later I returned and couldn't find a place to park a Vespa. I was writing *Ben Hur* with Christopher Fry, a low point in my career, but it paid my taxes and reinoculated me with Roman fever. Since 1961, I've had a flat in Rome, first in a *palazzo* at No. 4 Via Giulia where I wrote *The Judgment of Paris*, *The Messiah*, and *Julian*, and now on the Largo Argentina where I wrote *Washington, D.C.*, and most of *Myra Breckinridge*.

"In the United States, it's politics, parties, television performances, martinis, and too many demands. Here I'm left entirely alone. Romans are without interest in foreigners. If you live or die it's the same, they're totally neutral. Which I find charming. They are not impressed with the great of this earth. Rome was the only city in Europe where even President Kennedy couldn't draw a crowd. China begins on the Tiber. Like the Chinese, the Romans are inscrutable, elusive, self-contained. Henry James said, 'Rome is a place where one loses all earthly vanity'—and promptly left for London. I plan to stay."

Vidal looked at his watch. "From 1 to



"Shouldn't you be steering or something?"

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4 Rome rests. It's a good time to walk without being strangled by fumes. Every afternoon when my work is done I walk to my gym on the Via Barberini by a different route. Whichever way I go I am struck by two things, the historic resonance of Rome and the esthetic response. There's nothing more seductive than Rome's magenta and sulfurous yellow walls all in a human scale under six stories high. Unlike other cities, like New York, where I am dwarfed by high-rise housing, here buildings don't drown me. I don't feel trapped at the bottom of a well."

On long, lean legs he led the way to his haunts. The Piazza Navona: "Here I think of Diocletian, an emperor who disliked the slaughter of men and animals in the Colosseum and who built this circus to substitute Greek sports. But the Romans loathed the decathlon and were outraged by the sight of naked athletes. What a commentary on man—to enjoy the spectacle of animals eating human entrails and object to the unclothed human form! Diocletian turned into a cruel, self-indulgent tyrant, attesting to the truism that people get the government they deserve."

The Quirinale: "I think of the Popes followed by the House of Savoy followed by the Presidents of the Republic. I don't brood too much about the incumbents, but I'm reminded of how fugitive and fragile are human institutions, including our own."

The Palatine Hill: "Archeologists recently uncovered the house of Augustus. It consists of three rooms from which he ran the Roman Empire. Ten yards away is the enormous palace where his successors lived and where Caligula was killed. I think of my childhood in Washington. The White House was wide open. People could see the President almost at will. Everyone knew everybody else; Justice Hughes used to stop me in the street and ask about my grandfather Gore. Washington was like the Rome of Augustus. But when war came the White House became a Byzantine Palace. In ten years things changed from the accessibility and simplicity of an Augustan republic to an FBI-coarsened situation—the same thing as happened on the Palatine Hill. Nor has man lost his impulse toward assassination."

The Capitoline Hill: "In the museum I see the succession of Caesars—Julius, Augustus, Titus, Tiberius, Nero, Caligula, Claudius. I think of the pride, vanity, self-deception, sycophancy, suspicion, corruption, occasional insanity, and persistent abuse of power of mortal men raised to the rank of gods and wonder when the world will learn that such are the perennial failings of all power-hungry politicians."

The Piazza del Campidoglio: "I study the statue of Marcus Aurelius, possibly the earliest of equestrian monuments. I recall the words I wrote in *Julian*: 'Oh raven steed, whose fortune it is to spread the golden thighs and Mars-like firm convexities of divine Augustus.' I wonder about humankind whose hunger for men on horseback is such that even a philosopher is memorialized sitting astride a horse."

—*Jerry Bauer.*

Vidal on Romans—"They are not impressed with the great of this earth."

Santa Maria d'Aracoeli: "What a lovely name and what a dismal view! I look down on the ruins of the jail where Peter and Paul were imprisoned and where they baptized their guards. I think of the thousands murdered in that evil place and see the sewer into which the bodies were dropped. I think about man's cruelty to man and cry out 'Saint Mary in the field of heaven!' but she doesn't hear. It was in this church that Gibbon was inspired to write *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. The year was 1764. He finished the work in 1787. Twenty-three years! At first he was overjoyed by his freedom, but he soon had second thoughts. 'A sober melancholy,' he wrote, 'spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken leave of an old and agreeable companion.'"

The Church of Santa Costanza in the Via Nomentana: "A fourth-century structure with extraordinary dome and ceiling mosaics, my favorite church. In a sense, what Santa Maria d'Aracoeli was to Gibbon, Santa Costanza was to me. For here is the tomb of Julian's sister-in-law, and it was here that my novel *Julian* was largely nurtured. I was luckier than Gibbon I guess. *Julian* took only two years to write and when it was finished I found in *Myra Breckinridge* an agreeable companion. But perhaps *Myra* shouldn't be mentioned in the same breath as *The Decline and Fall. . . .*"

The Piazza del Popolo: "The statue of St. Peter points his finger up the Via Flaminia that ended in England—mute evidence of Roman arrogance. 'We make the laws, but you out there obey them!'"

The Church of San Clemente: "A palimpsest of Rome embodying 2,000 years in one basilica. In the basement is a Mithraeum where the rival god to Jesus is revealed."

The Foro Romano: "The times when analogies seem most clear and I have the greatest sense of prescience are here, the center of this wreck of empire. Having been brought up in Washington, the grandson of a Senator, there is a melancholy resonance in this, the Curia. The first Senate. The mother of parliaments. The source of the democratic dream. I think not only of Marc Antony, Caesar,

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and Cicero but of our own representatives who take their name from this, the Roman Senate. I contemplate their follies and mistakes. I see Washington in ruins as something perfectly portended and, with a bit of bad luck, capable of happening in our own lifetime."

Night fell on the Forum. Then someone pulled a switch, the curtain of darkness obscuring the Forum lifted, and floodlights turned the tumbled stones into a vast theatrical setting. Vidal groaned. "'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.' Shakespeare. *As You Like It.* I'm not sure that I do."

Vidal's steps turned toward the Tiber. "Ugly, unattractive, bad odor, bad color, no style. It just winds and winds destroying all sense of direction. Either as a point of reference, as an adornment, or as an avenue of traffic, one of the poorer rivers of this world."

We crossed the Ponte Palatine and entered Trastevere, fifteenth-century Rome occupied by a special breed called Noialtri, "we others." "The Noialtri have had a homogeneous life for twenty centuries. They've seen popes, kings, and presidents come and go. Even the Mother of God is no more to them than Isis or Sybile, a constant. Each year, they

Reassessing the Travel Deficit

NOT SURPRISINGLY, that part of the balance-of-payments deficit which is sometimes called "the travel dollar gap" was again in the news as the old year ended and the new one began. Acting in his capacity as chairman of the Cabinet Committee on Balance of Payments, Secretary of the Treasury Fowler, just before resigning, wrote President Johnson a long letter in which he described what had been done in 1968 and what might be done in 1969 to improve the balance of payments.

As is now customary in such discussions, Mr. Fowler gave special attention to the travel deficit. He said Americans abroad are spending about $2 billion a year more than foreigners spend in the United States. And he held out the possibility that this deficit might increase to more than $4 billion by 1975.

A year ago, the travel industry was stunned by the news that the Johnson Administration had proposed taxes which, it appeared, were designed to dissuade American citizens from traveling abroad. Months later, the proposal had been refined to the point that its intention no longer was to limit trips, but only to limit expenditures. The distinction may seem subtle in some quarters but not, certainly, in the travel industry and not to those of us who believe that freedom of travel is a freedom worthy of protection.

New Year's Day 1969 brought no proposals that Americans be persuaded to stay home and no new proposals limiting their spending abroad. Yet that two-billion-dollar travel deficit still haunts the Treasury experts, a particularly worrisome factor in the balance-of-payments problem. The imbalance in travel expenditures is statistically visible. It is readily identifiable. To those who might in a time of crisis be willing to sell a piece of the nation's soul for a bar of gold—there are such bureaucrats—the travel deficit is awfully tempting and it will remain so.

Before we begin to lay restrictions on international travel, we need to understand what we are asking our people to give up, and by what authority. Who is to say which of our rights are less inalienable and less self-evident than others? And who is to say also what is the most appropriate sacrifice to the god of balance of payments? If we should place restrictions on travel, we would violate still another principle of our freedom—that is, the right of the citizen to spend his dollars for whatever lawful purpose he chooses. The tourist who spends, say, $1,700 in Germany makes the same contribution to the balance-of-payments deficit as the non-tourist who goes down to the corner and buys a Volkswagen from his neighborhood dealer. And it makes no difference in the balance of payments whether American dollars are spent for French wine in Paris, Kentucky, or in Paris, France. Thus tourism can be classified as simply another category of trade. If we were to run a balance-of-payments deficit with Brazil, there would be just as much economic validity in asking Americans to give up Brazilian coffee as there would be in asking them not to travel to Brazil.

But the most basic point perhaps lies elsewhere. Few people today would deny that a nation which assures its citizens the right to travel affords them a precious opportunity. What may be more important, however, is what that nation discloses about itself, including its willingness to open its own borders to visitors from abroad.

Such a nation is optimistic, unafraid, prideful of itself. Such a nation is a confident nation. It has made a commitment to what Justice Brandeis called "the best test of truth"—that is, "the power of the truth to get itself accepted in the competition of the market." How better for a people to test their ideas, their attitudes, the validity of their own little world, than for them to do so in the context of someone else's world?

Everyone knows the complaints about the American tourist abroad. We are said to be boisterous, excessive, demanding people. Some say that we have already Americanized half of Europe and that we've now begun work on the rest of the world. Others of us are not convinced that Paris and London and Rome and Tokyo will be that easily destroyed. Or that foreign tourists will undermine New York, Boston, Washington, or San Francisco.

But I do believe this: whatever the American tourist has done to—or for—the rest of the world, his having gone to faraway places has been a good thing for America. We need the exposure to other ways and other attitudes. And we need constantly to reaffirm to ourselves that diversity and the tolerance of diversity and even the search for diversity have been America's true spirit, and remain America's best hope.

Even if we devote our best efforts to the task of persuading more foreigners to visit America and spend their moneys here, a "travel dollar gap" of sizable proportions is going to be with us for some time to come. And it will remain a tempting target to those devotees of statistical symmetry who feel constrained to narrow the gap at any cost to our freedom or the American image.

It is unfortunate that the travel deficit is so easily identified and so much discussed. The dollar drain for coffee amounts to something like a billion dollars a year, and the annual dollar drain for bananas is in the range of $200 million. Yet somehow we seldom hear those matters discussed. The dollars spent for travel are in fact no more critical or damaging. Are the benefits of travel really less important? The answer is clear, and we as a nation and a people must give that answer both loud and clear enough for the fiscal bureaucrats to hear without an ear trumpet, just as John Hancock signed the Declaration of Independence large and clear enough for King George III to read without his eyeglasses.

—DONALD G. AGGER,
Assistant Secretary of Transportation.

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hold a festival celebrating themselves and to hell with all the others. Noialtri have been eating pizza for 2,000 years and the food in Trastevere is the finest in Rome."

We dined at Sabatini on the Piazza Santa Maria, its eleventh-century mosaics alive in the moonlight. "When the weather's right," Vidal said, "eating outside on a summer's evening is as beautiful an experience as one can enjoy in all of Rome." He ordered a *penne alla matriciano,* a pasta anointed with tomato, bacon, and melted mozzarella, a simple grilled sole, and *imoltini,* veal rolled around spinach, carrots and peas, roasted over embers of olive wood. The wine was an anonymous chianti provided by the house. For dessert, white grapes and a slice of Bel Paese.

Over *espressos* Vidal remembered something Theodore Roosevelt had said: " 'A President should visit all the States of the Union.' Eleanor Roosevelt went him one better: 'I believe a President should visit all the countries in the world.' I agree with Eleanor but would

add that all Americans should visit Rome. Americans think of themselves as descendants of great civilizations and as repositories of Western culture. We are not. We are mostly descendants of Saxon and Germanic tribes which smashed civilizations. There is an irony in American pretensions. Vis-à-vis Rome, this much-conquered city and a civilization for centuries, we are barbarians. Americans have no sense of the past and indeed hate it."

—Arthur Goodfriend.

Arthur Goodfriend, former journalist and foreign service official and widely published author, recently visited some leading artistic and literary figures in Europe. This is one in a series of reports he is writing on their impressions. Mr. Goodfriend, who lives in Washington, D.C., is assistant to the president of Project Hope, part of People to People Health Foundation, Inc.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

A 12a (Art Inst.), B 11i (Louvre), C2k (Huntington Gal.), D7j (Sistine Chapel), E6g (S. Maria delle Grazie), F5e (Wallace Collection), G 10f (Prado), H 1 d (Uffizi Gal.), I 8c (Gemäldegalerie), J3 1 (Giovanelli Palace), K9b (Mus. of Art), L4h (Metropolitan Mus.). (Some of the paintings are equally well known by other titles.)

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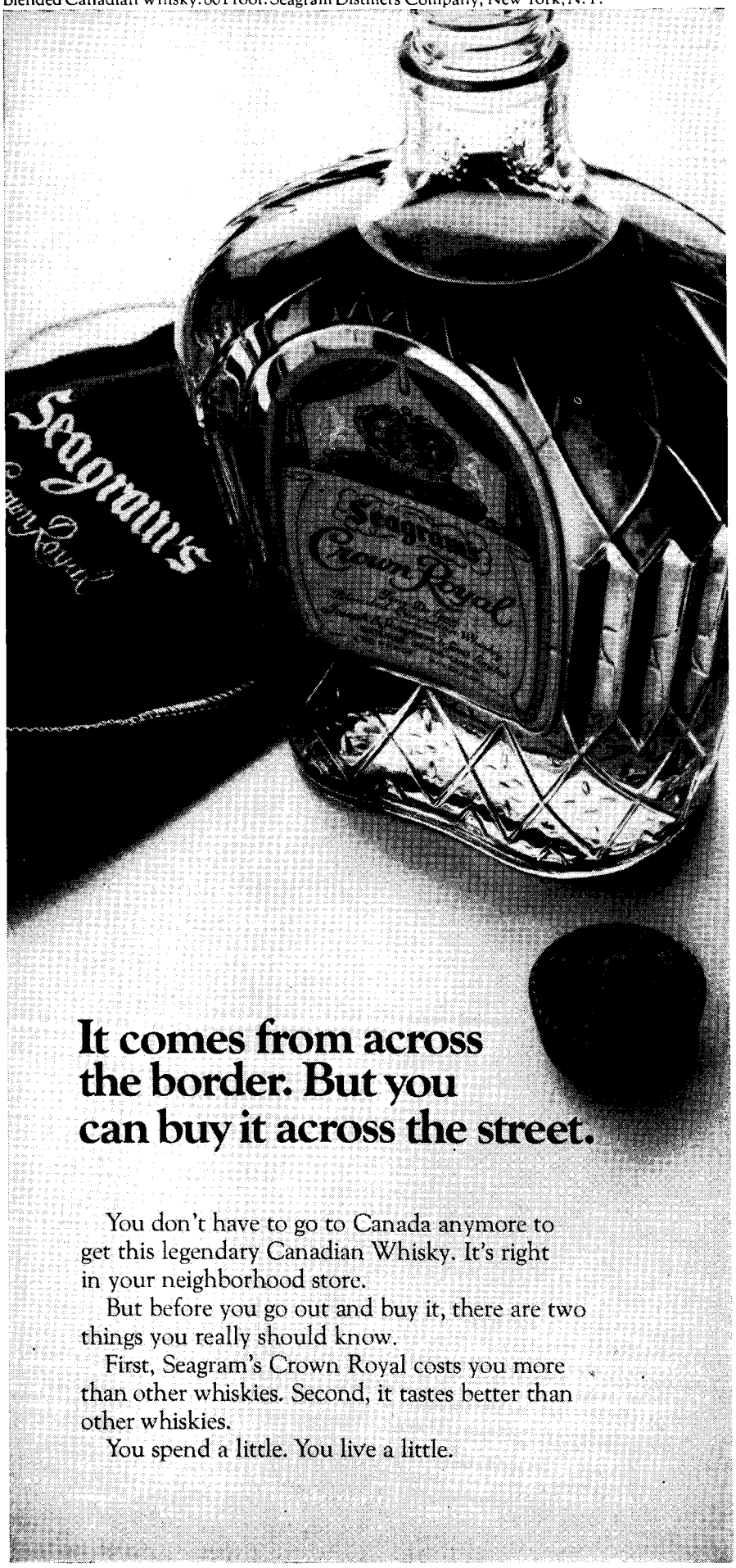

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

The Eminence of Alec McCowen

OUR CURRENT THEATER season boasts an unusual abundance of impressive leading performances by male actors. These include James Earl Jones *(The Great White Hope)*, Donald Pleasence *(The Man in the Glass Booth)*, Frank Langella *(A Cry of Players)*, and Dustin Hoffman *(Jimmy Shine)*. And now Alec McCowen's performance in *Hadrian VII* has drawn the greatest superlatives of all. Indeed, when the play opened in London last year, *Observer* critic Ronald Bryden called Mr. McCowen's portrayal, "One of the major performances of the decade." The British critics seconded the motion by voting it the best male leading performance of the season. Then, visiting American critics topped their colleagues' praise, with Clive Barnes (*The New York Times*) calling it "one of the greatest performances I have seen in my life," and with Richard Watts (New York *Post*) stating: "Alec McCowen must be the most accomplished British actor to emerge since Alec Guiness." The latter assessment leapfrogs McCowen over such accomplished recent-emergers as Nicol Williamson, David Warner, Ian Holm, Kenneth Haigh, Ian McKellen, Albert Finney, and Peter O'Toole.

Now *Hadrian VII* has opened on Broadway with the McCowen performance there for all of us to relish and comprehend. We meet McCowen as the starving British writer, Frederick William Rolfe, in a room decorated with slightly bizarre religious symbols and paintings. He immediately establishes himself as amusingly crabby in his quibbling replies to the two bailiffs who have come to dun him. We are even amused at his paranoiac response to their visit, when he mutters, "Someone will have to suffer for this." However, we are also aware that this is a wretched human being. For when he receives a letter from the Archbishop again denying him the Roman Catholic priesthood

Alec McCowen as the starving writer . . .

who imagines himself rising to priest . . .

he has vainly sought for twenty years, his ensuing complaint to God is full of bloody pain.

Now the news that the Pope has died sets off his imagination, and he commences to write a new book to be called *Hadrian VII*. A subtle change in the lighting indicates that we are moving into fantasy country, and we join Rolfe in his daydream. First he is visited by the Archbishop, who to the writer's surprise has come to summon him to the priesthood and to make amends for the church's past injustices to him. McCowen exaggerates the ludicrousness of the improbable situation by overdoing his genuflection, and by looking at himself approvingly in the mirror after scoring a point, so that we fully share in his contemptuous victory over the Archbishop. He is scalpel sharp as he tells

and then to Pope in play, *Hadrian VII.*

his adversary, "I am not in revolt against the Faith, but against the Faithful." And he delights us inventively both in his little dance of joy after the Archbishop's departure, and in the way he takes off his tie and kisses it as if it were a priest's stole.

The most genuine view we get of Rolfe, however, comes in his first confession as a new priest, when he is asked, "Do you love God?" Here McCowen makes his honest reply of "I don't know" into an ecstatic revelation of his existential position. This contrasts humorously with his reply to "Do you love your neighbor?" which is a definite and snooty "Oh, no."

McCowen is at his best in moments of absurd irreverence, and we are reminded of Alec Guinness as the blithe little priest counters his startled awe of the Vatican's grandeur with wittily sacrilegious remarks delivered with a touch of effeminacy. He explains to his shocked superior: "You are a natural Christian, my Lord Bishop. I, on the other hand, am a religious maniac." All of this sets the audience up for the marvelously incongruous moment when the Cardinals splendiferously parade in to invite the baffled bystander to become the new Pope.

Once Pope, McCowen shifts into a sort of Noel Coward personality as he socks it to the somewhat too temporal-minded Cardinals around him. Taking the attitude that the trouble with most Roman Catholics is that they do not behave in daily life as if they believed in the life to come, he violates tradition by casually smoking cigarettes on duty, and by laying down new naïve policies calculated to put the barque of Peter, the fisherman, back on its rightful course. McCowen is masterful in his use of controlled vocal rhythms and in the speed with which he moves on to the next point before his adversaries have quite

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absorbed the shock of the previous one. And he can be most outrageously entertaining when, after accepting a gift of a jar of pickled onions, he proceeds to dip into the bottle and eat one with the pretended pleasure of a gourmet savoring an eight-course dinner.

But there is also a more serious revelation promised, and if McCowen achieves this aspect of the role less powerfully than an Olivier, Gielgud, or Scofield might, his expressions of inner torment may more exactly suit the dimensions of the character. Most pitiable is his breakdown into stuttering and paroxysmic speech as he undergoes the indignity of justifying his failure-ridden past life. And although his rising anger at both the church and business establishment may not move us to tears, he does bark out a clear indictment that none of us will forget. Similarly, in the scene in which Rolfe-Hadrian visits the ecclesiastical college that twenty years earlier had expelled him, and there talks to an unhappy facsimile of his younger self, McCowen is quietly touched rather than overwhelmingly exalted by experiencing for the first time in his life a feeling of love for another human being.

The total performance may be slightly smaller than what the funeral oration delivered near the end of the play would seem to warrant, but it is nonetheless a fantastic display of acting skill. Whereas most actors would judiciously repeat a few effective gestures and grimaces, McCowen creates an infinite variety of responses. His mouth is never still as he literally tastes his way through each new situation. He avoids the mistake of pretending grandeur and keeps us continually conscious of the bitter little man underneath. Indeed, he succeeds in this so well that we come to feel that the more benignly he behaves, the more perverse he is being.

The play itself is a theatrical composite most skillfully created by Peter Luke from Rolfe's 1903 novel, *Hadrian the Seventh*, and a few details of Rolfe's biography, so thoroughly examined in A. J. A. Symons's *The Quest for Corvo*. It is interesting to note that, coincidentally, one sentence in Symons's book describing Rolfe's brief career as a schoolteacher ("He had a way of giving boys a very good opinion of themselves which made them unable to measure accurately their strength and value afterwards when they came face to face with disagreeable events in life.") could also be applied to last season's best portrayal, Zoe Caldwell as Miss Jean Brodie.

Robert Fletcher's costumes make the most of the play's opportunities to contrast Rolfe's gray, impoverished life with the bright-colored doings in and about the Holy See. And director Peter Dews and his well selected cast exploit the popular potential of a play that is catholic with a small c.

Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

A Fine Quartet from the U.S.S.R.

THE SOVIET UNION has sent us no organization more creditable to its musical establishment than the Borodin Quartet, now in its third tour of North America. Whoever booked them for their recent New York appearances acted with admirable impartiality. On one evening they performed in the elegant Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum of Art (on the upper East Side); on the next, in the much more plebeian assembly hall of Washington Irving High School (on the much lower East Side). Both audiences heard the same program.

What is more, both audiences discovered that the Borodin ensemble is not one which pays only nominal tribute to its namesake. It offered a very considerable novelty in choosing not the Second, celebrated Quartet in D of Borodin with which to start the evening (it is known to some as the source of "This Is My Beloved" from *Kismet*), but the preceding A-major, whose appearances on programs hereabouts are almost as rare as moon flights. It is cut from the same cloth as its successor, if not tailored quite so fine or embroidered with equal lavishness. There is a similar flow of limpid melody, adapted to the instrumental purposes with a suavity, interrelationship of parts, and layout of registers which gave Borodin pre-eminence among his Russian contemporaries in this kind of writing. Just where he might have acquired such address and proficiency is suggested by the syncopated figure murmuring behind a mellifluous lyric subject in the first movement. Schumann would have loved it; after all, he invented it.

What the able ensemble gave back in sonority, a fine blend of parts (it was difficult, without looking, to tell where the first violin left off and the second took over in one of Borodin's numerous dialogues), and a high standard of musical accuracy were self-evident reasons for the Government-bestowed designation to honor what had begun as a Conservatory ensemble. The players also showed the resourcefulness and command of means to sustain interest in the Seventh Quartet of Shostakovich and the Ninth (Op. 59, No. 3) of Beethoven.

The quartets of Russia's most distinguished living composer have no more authoritative interpreters than this ensemble, whose pioneering recordings of all eleven—the up-to-date total—have just been issued on the Melodiya/Seraphim label. The Seventh, dating from 1960, is the shortest of all, totaling a mere eleven minutes for its three uninterrupted movements. But it is a weighty trifle, inscribed to the memory of the composer's first wife, Nina, who died in 1955.

Like certain others of the eleven, the Seventh embodies a good deal more of the subsurface Shostakovich of his greatest works, and a good deal less of the superficial propagandist he has permitted himself to be in others. It is as though he utilized the private, non-"proletariat" world of four strings to convey his innermost thoughts across internal as well as external barriers to all who chose to listen. Those who listened to No. 7 as played by the Borodin Quartet heard a masterful dissertation on the art of instrumental utilization, ranging freely across contrapuntal involvements (including a fugal section, with augmentation, whose subject turned into a retrospective conclusion, a nocturnal elegy for the departed, and other allu-

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sions perhaps too personal to probe).

Its concision and lack of extraneous notes had a strong suggestion not merely of Beethoven's general practice, but specifically of the C-major Quartet that followed the intermission. For, as its devotees know, the C-major of the *Rasumovsky* set also has a fugal section, a nocturnal kind of pseudo-slow movement, a considerable concision and absence of extraneous notes.

Given the larger requirements of Beethoven, the group led by Rostislav Dubinsky showed itself capable of applying more pressure to the excellent instruments at their disposal without sacrificing either vibrance or sonority. It was not the brusque kind of hard-hitting C-major to which such an ensemble as the Germanic Busch Quartet was partial, or the throbbing, warm-blooded kind heard from the Budapest ensemble. If this suggests a less characteristic Beethoven, it did not sound so in the actuality.

Performers of *Madama Butterfly*, it is well known, come in all sizes and sounds: small and soft, large and loud, medium and mellow. Pilar Lorengar, who sang the part for the first time here at the work's only Metropolitan performance of the season, is hardly small and soft, nor is she exactly large and loud. That would suggest the medium and mellow, but typing this Spanish soprano in an Italian opera concerned with a Japanese is not easy. As an individual, rather than a type, Miss Lorengar as Butterfly is a performer whose lack of true physical suitability, for the eye, or aural identity, for the ear, is redressed by a great conviction about her conception and a consistent involvement, as a woman, with the emotional fervor Puccini poured into his music.

As those who have been exposed to the wide range of roles Miss Lorengar sings might agree, she is consistently the artist, much less consistently the vocalist. Taking all things together—including the somewhat worn middle-register sound she now offers—Butterfly lies well for her. She gets around the midrange cleverly, reserving her peak effort for the top register, which she delivers piercingly, but on pitch. Thus, for those who rate a singer's success by the flourish with which high notes are delivered, Miss Lorengar's Butterfly is "in" from the end of the entrance on. She met all the dramatic challenges frontally, in a practiced, professional way. Such was also the sum, as well as the substance, of Sándor Kónya's Pinkerton, the Sharpless of Mario Sereni, and Nedda Casei's Suzuki under George Schick's resourceful direction.

Carlo Maria Giulini's final program of his four-week engagement with the

(*Continued on page* 55)

World of Dance

Walter Terry

A Dance Adventure With Mozart

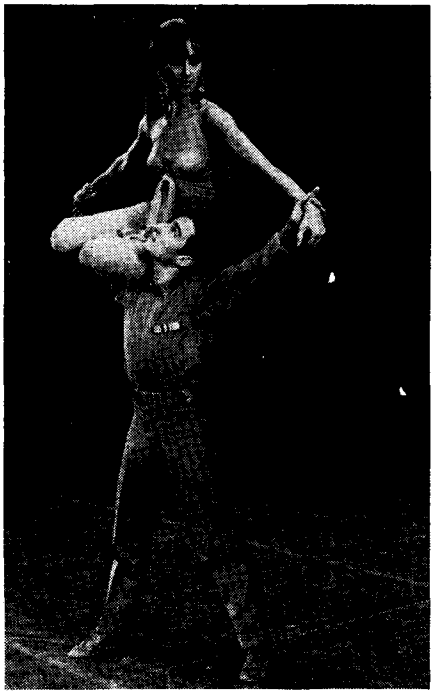
"It begged to be danced," said Michael Smuin. "I had always wanted to do a ballet to music of Mozart. So I listened to hundreds of pieces, and I was about to give up until I found this one—all youth, all innocence, begging to be danced." The music was Mozart's Cassation No. 1 in G, created when the composer was only thirteen, and with this "festive music which was played outside—usually in a courtyard or a garden" Smuin found his inspiration for *Gartenfest*, an instant hit when it was performed by the American Ballet Theatre during its December-into-January engagement of Festival of Dance 68-69 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

This was the second choreographic success for Smuin within less than a year. His first for the American Ballet Theatre was the rollicking *Pulcinella Variations* (Stravinsky); his second is youthful and lively, rather than antic, and it contains some of the most imaginative choreography in classical style, laced with tasteful inventions, that you are likely to find anywhere.

Each of its six movements—"Minuetto," "Allegro," "Andante," "Minuetto," "Adagio," "Finale: Allegro assai"—is enchanting. Sallie Wilson, who leads both the opening and closing sections, makes the ballet take flight with her effortless leaps, and Cynthia Gregory turns this *Fest* into a *Traum* with the loveliness of her dancing in the "Andante." But I think the new ballet reaches its combined choreographic and performing peaks in the "Allegro," a highly virtuosic, intensely virile yet elegant *pas de deux* for Ted Kivitt and Ivan Nagy, and in the "Adagio," a softly radiant *pas de trois* for Miss Gregory, Kivitt, and Nagy.

Smuin, by making use of the technical skills and highly individual characteristics of the two men, has made the "Allegro" into a contest—not just an athletic bout, but an aristocratic display of male prowess. Nagy turns to the left; Kivitt, like most American dancers, is a right turner (although he is such a virtuoso, he can turn to the left and, probably, upside down); Nagy, in his leaps, rises into the air; Kivitt thrusts his way through space. These and other individual qualities make for an unforgettable match in balletic terms.

Bringing the two back to dance with America's newest major ballerina, Miss Gregory, Smuin introduces not only changes in speed and in dynamic color-

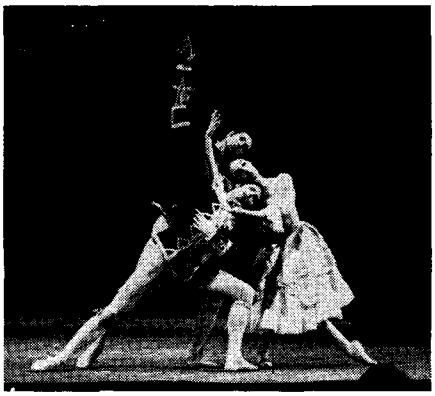


—*Photos by Martha Swope.*

Michael Smuin, choreographer of the new *Gartenfest*, is also an accomplished dancer. He is shown here with his wife, Paula Tracy, in one of his earlier ballets, *The Catherine Wheel*.

ings but also the air of lyrical romance. Perhaps a hint of contest is here also, but it is one of sheer poetry.

Gartenfest is graced by superlative dancing, but it is also blessed with Jean Rosenthal's mood-sensitive lighting, delightful scenery by Jack Brown, and absolutely irresistible costumes by a newcomer to design, Marcos Paredes, who also happens to be a valuable dancer in the company. So here we are with Smuin smash No. 2. But this is not the finale



***Gartenfest*—Ted Kivitt, Cynthia Gregory, and Ivan Nagy (reading heads from top to bottom) in the "Adagio," "a softly radiant *pas de trois*."**

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for a prolific-minded choreographer. "It's scary when you have two successes behind you. You hesitate, you deliberate, but you go ahead . . . carefully."

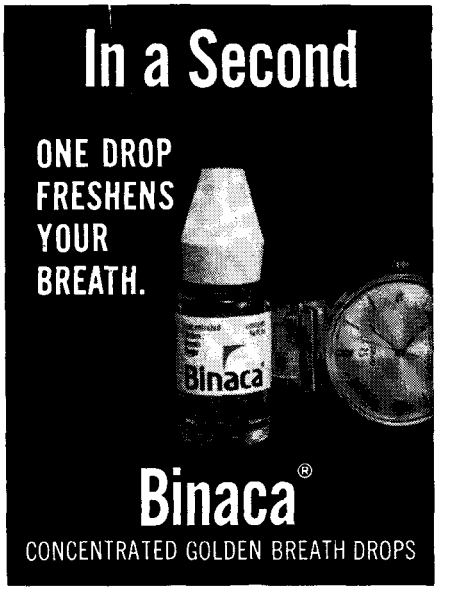
Smuin, also a dancer with the American Ballet Theatre (at the close of the Brooklyn season he was promoted from the rank of soloist to principal), has lots of projects. "I plan to do a duet to Schubert's Quintet for Two Cellos for Cynthia and Ivan, with Susan Casey and Terry Orr in the alternate cast. I'm working on a big project—it's a collaboration—a ballet with an American theme. And someday, way, way off, I want to do Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*, and I dream of making it as beautiful as the Zeffirelli movie."

A dream closer to reality is a big ballet, a religious work, which would be danced by Willam Christensen's Ballet West (a Rocky Mountain states enlargement of Christensen's successful Utah Civic Ballet) with music provided by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. Smuin, himself a Mormon from Montana and a product of the University of Utah (where he trained with Christensen and found his teaching "invaluable to me in my career"), hopes that the setting will be the Tabernacle itself.

But at thirty he is not giving up performing for choreography. He excels in *demi-caractère* parts, he is a first-rate technician, he is an actor-dancer who is enormously successful in the title role of Eugene Loring's *Billy the Kid*. This season, he took on a classical mime role, that of old Dr. Coppelius, the toymaker in *Coppélia*. He wasn't quite sure how to play the part, but he knew that for him it should not be a crotchety villain. By chance, while he and his wife, Paula Tracy (also in the American Ballet Theatre), were looking at an old movie on television, he saw Harpo Marx for the first time. "I knew this was my clue. I took it, even some of Harpo's business, and I found the poetic eccentricity I wanted."

The Brooklyn occasion was not, of course, centered around Smuin. He was simply an important part of a season of dance importance provided by the whole of the American Ballet Theatre. At the pinnacle was, of course, the unparalleled dancing of the guest artists, Carla Fracci and Erik Bruhn [WORLD OF DANCE, Jan. 18], in *Giselle, Coppélia,* and a *pas de deux*. But there were several *Coppélia* casts, each excellent, each different. Miss Gregory, for example, accomplished some stunning feats of physical dexterity while also acting the role of Swanilda well, handsomely aided by Gayle Young as her Franz. The new, in-the-making team of Eleanor D'Antuono and Nagy (like Smuin, he, too, has been promoted to principal) was captivating as the mischief-making pair, and it should be noted that Enrique Martinez, who staged this new production of *Coppélia*, played the Dr. Coppelius part winningly in a characterization quite different from that of Smuin. And there were still others to bring their individual gifts to *Coppélia* and to other ballets of the company.

In the Brooklyn engagement alone, there was something, and someone, for every taste: the great old classics, such as *Swan Lake* (perhaps with Toni Lander and Bruce Marks), freshly staged and opulently produced; contemporary works, such as Eliot Feld's *Harbinger*, as modern as it is balletic; the intense drama of *Miss Julie*; the lyricism of *Les Sylphides*; the bravado of *Billy the Kid*; the psychological penetrations of Antony Tudor's historic *Pillar of Fire*; the technical razzle-dazzle of Harald Lander's *Etudes;* and, of course, a brand new hit, *Gartenfest*, by the American Ballet Theatre's newest choreographic discovery, Michael Smuin. Who could ask for anything more?



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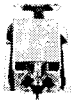

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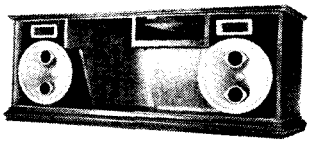

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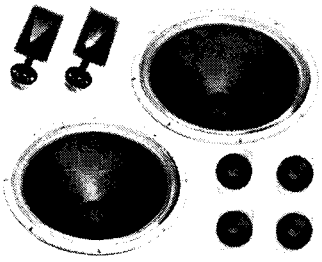

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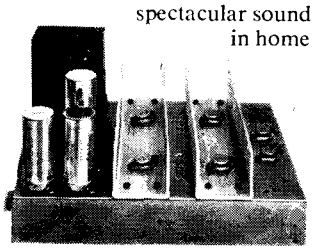

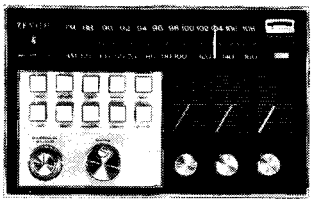

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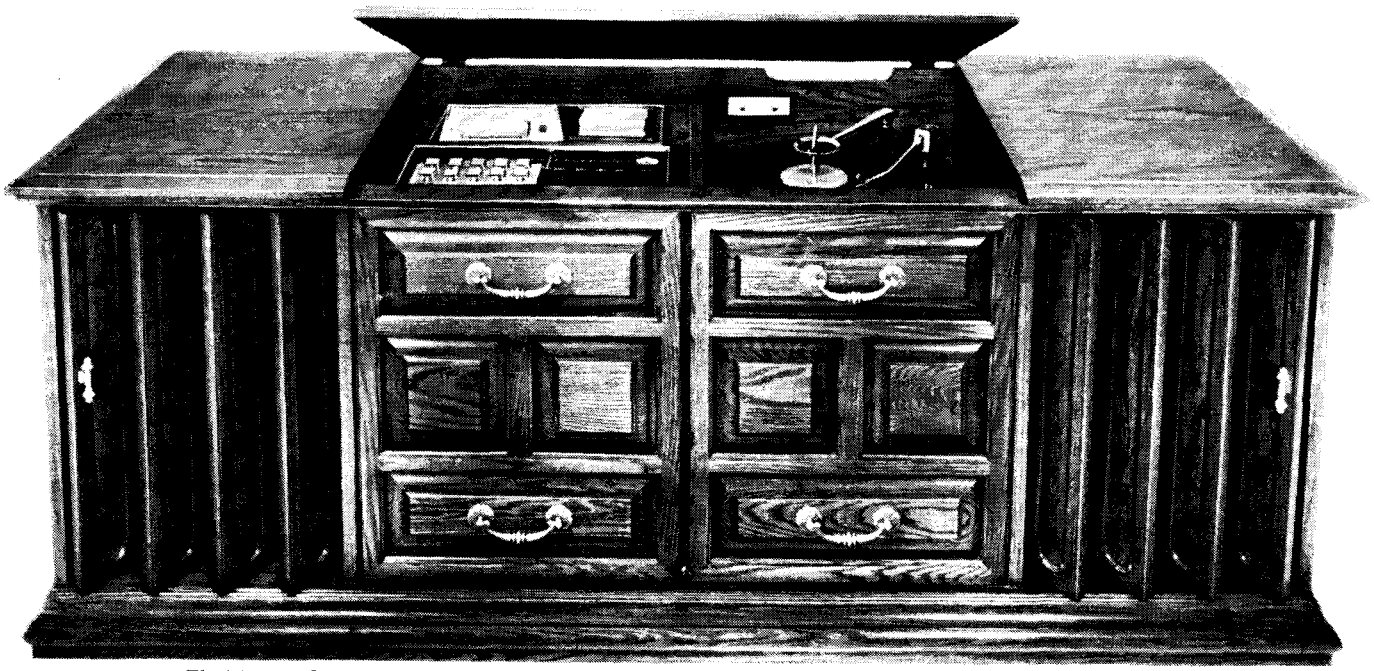

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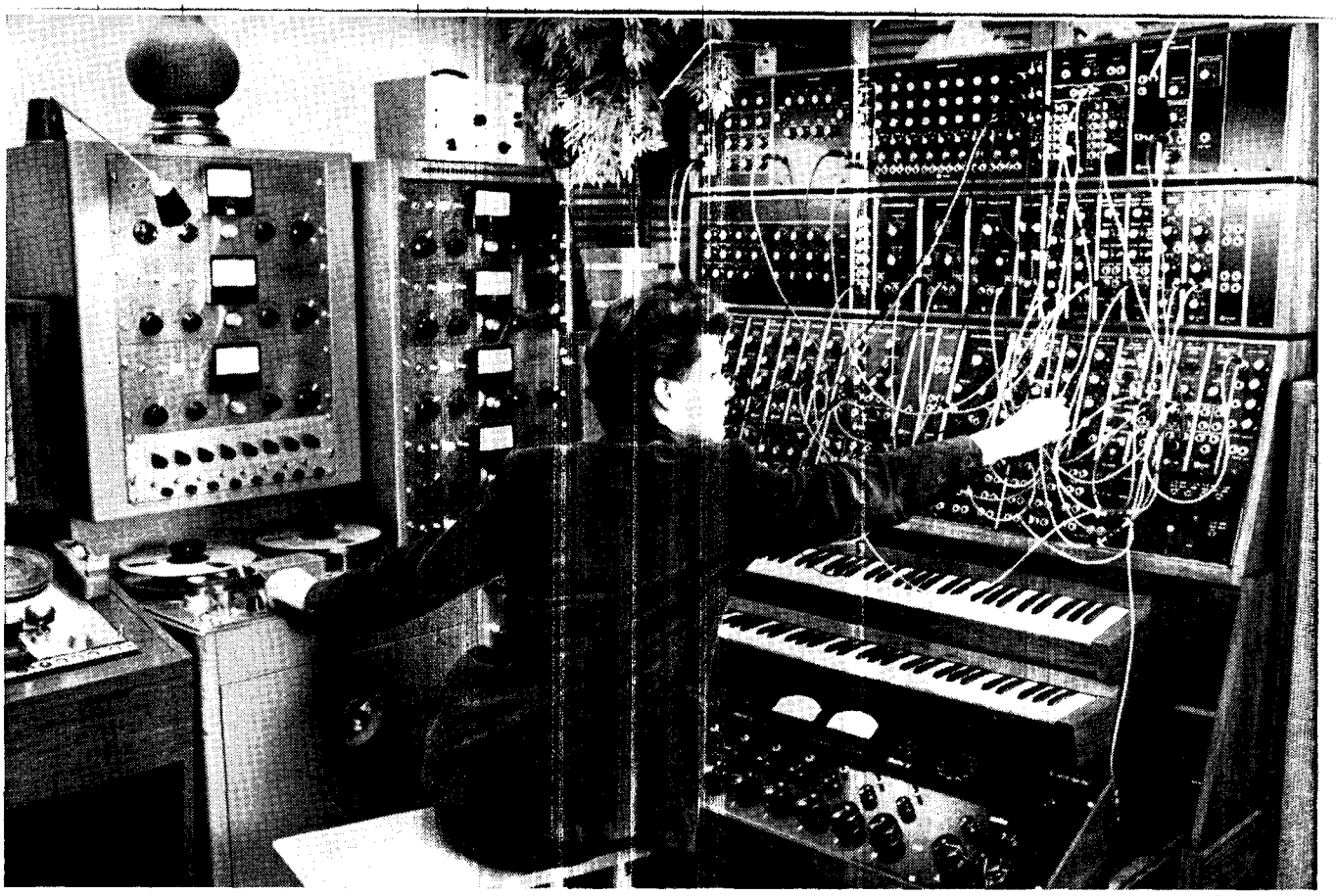

—Laura Beaujon

Walter Carlos at his Moog Electronic Music Synthesizer. At left is an 8-track recorder which tapes directly from the Synthesizer's output. Above the Synthesizer keyboards are the circuit modules which can be interconnected (as shown here) to generate tones with any desired qualities. Tones are monitored through the loudspeaker barely discernible at the right.

THE "SWITCHED-ON BACH" STORY

SR/RECORDINGS

THE "SWITCHED-ON BACH" STORY
By Ivan Berger **45**

THE ROLLING STONES BEGGARS' TRIUMPH
By Ellen Sander **48**

"ARIADNE" RECONSIDERED
By Robert Lawrence **49**

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By Irving Kolodin **50**

RECORDINGS REPORTS I:
Orchestral LPs **52**

RECORDINGS REPORTS II:
Miscellaneous LPs **54**

EPIC II AND OTHERS
By Martin Williams **56**

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz **58**

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR **60**

By IVAN BERGER

CAN Bach be synthesized without becoming ersatz? He can—as shown by *Switched-On Bach* (Columbia stereo, MS 7194, $5.98), ten works of Bach performed on a Moog Electronic Synthesizer by composer and synthesist Walter Carlos, assisted by musicologist Benjamin Folkman. But the disc's importance lies less in what it tells us about Bach than in what it portends for electronic music: a viable future as a *performing* art.

It is, of course, a most unusual Bach one hears in this recording. The crackling sonorities of the Baroque are realized in unfamiliar electronic tones chosen at times to suggest the character of the harpsichord and other Baroque instruments as well as imitating their sounds. For this, or other unidentifiable reasons, Columbia MS 7194 has become not only the fastest selling Bach record of all time, but one of the fastest moving classical records in history. Within the first six weeks of its availability 50,000 copies were on the market and most of them had been sold.

Even more remarkable than the technical means employed is the expression that Carlos and Folkman have imparted to their performance. Until now, the state of the art did not allow such nuances of phrasing to be expressed with the techniques of electronic music.

"Two years ago," writes Folkman, "with the equipment then available, to obtain the qualities that make up a good performance was a thankless, time-consuming, and ultimately futile enterprise. Even rudimentary phrasing, articulation, or modulation of timbre could involve many grueling hours for the production of mere seconds of music. Crescendo and diminuendo, the two most natural . . . means of musical expression, required the most calculated and laborious manipulation. . . . Only the least sophisticated means of expression, i.e., timbral and dynamic contrasts, could be controlled satisfactorily."

True, the range of control exhibited on this album is surpassed by many (though by no means all) conventional Bach interpretations. And the techniques used seem hardly up to the challenges of the Romantic era. In fact, the more congenial challenge of the Baroque was one of the factors in the choice of Bach

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to prove this record's point: Both Baroque and electronic music share "characteristics such as crisp, bright sonorities, terraced dynamics, and high relief of voices . . . among [their] most idiomatic features . . ." according to Folkman's liner notes.

But once beyond the culture shock of hearing patently electronic sounds mixed with apparently instrumental ones, one must grant that Carlos and Folkman have produced an album of Bach interpretations which, in some opinion, are as valid as orchestral transcriptions, and probably as valid as many instrumental ones. Argue the musical values and you concede the record's point: that there are musical values on the disc that can be argued from purely musical standpoints.

Electronic music has too long been shaped by its restrictions of nuance, says Carlos. Such restrictions were inherent in the "classical" studio technique from which today's electronic music emerged. That technique involved the laborious building up of tones from endless dial-settings on separate generators, filters, and other instruments, followed by the transcription of these tones to bits of tape that had to be edited or spliced together.

The concept of the "synthesizer," introduced by RCA in 1955, was a considerable advance. Like the classical studio equipment, it built up tones from their component elements. But the manipulations that had been so tedious before may now be programed onto punched paper tapes which in turn control a bank of generators, filters, and other tone-shaping components in a more or less continuous performance.

The possibilities this opened up were first revealed on *The Sound and Music of the RCA Electronic Music Synthesizer* (RCA mono, LM 1922); it included tunes played "in the style of" a harpsichord, an organ, a hillbilly band, a dance band, and several imaginary instruments, including one "resembling a piano, but with deeper tone and faster action than can be achieved with a conventional piano." Recordings by Babbitt, Luening, and Ussachevsky (among others) have since shown the further development of the instrument (now in its second version) and of the techniques developed on it.

The punched-tape pre-programing of the RCA suggests computer control, and computers have since been programed to generate music (though not on the RCA). But the RCA synthesizer's responses moved in quantum jumps rather than continuously, and "programed or computerized attempts to automate 'spontaneity' were entirely a matter of guesswork [with] the musician . . . unable . . . to modify a sound as it was being produced," according to Folkman. The difference becomes immediately apparent when the early Mark I synthesizer's rendering of the Bach Fugue No. 2 in C minor from *The Well-Tempered Clavier* (on LM 1922) is compared with the performance of the same work on the *Switched-On Bach* album: the Mark I performance seems stiff and wooden by comparison, with leaping level changes and stumbling ritards.

Only tone shapes are pre-programed on the Moog (by interconnecting its component wave-generating and shaping modules with external patch cords). As with traditional instruments, the sequence and timing of these pre-programed notes are controlled manually, mostly using keyboards. This element of human control allows new timing and phrasing flexibility.

And because the modules of the Moog are controlled continuously, not just in separate steps, rapid smooth transitions between effects are possible. And since these modules can be controlled by external voltages, and produce varying voltages as signals, their outputs can become either the notes we hear or control voltages for other modules or both.

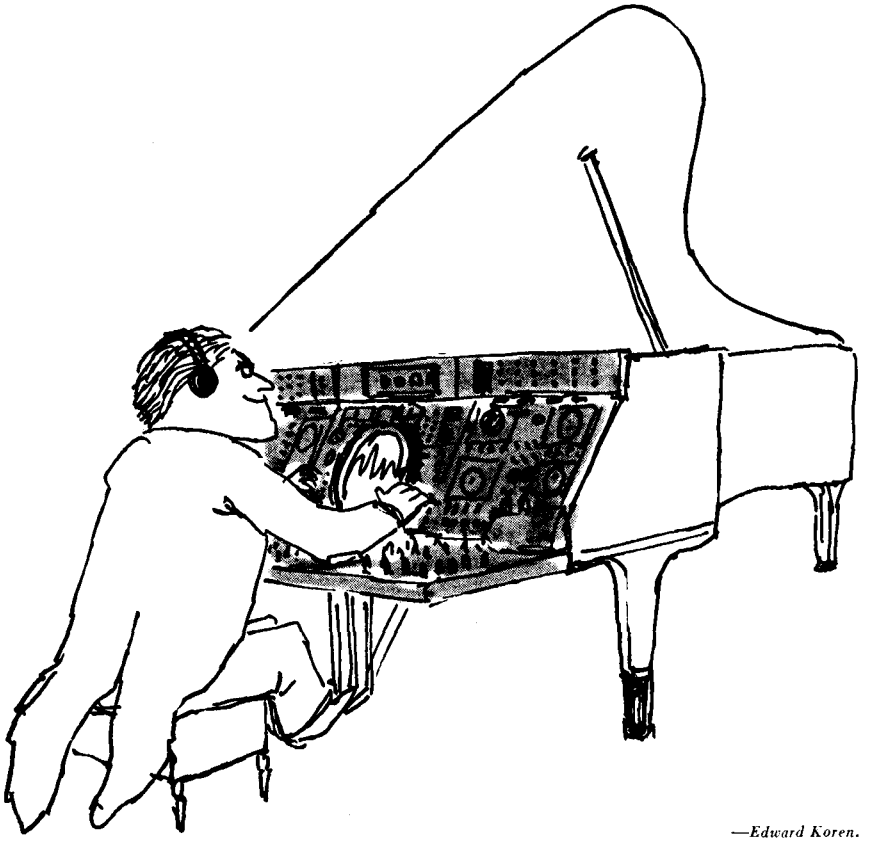
The oscillators, for example, can produce periodic control voltages as well as periodic (pitched) tones; and these oscillations can, in turn, create a periodic variation in a tone's pitch (vibrato), volume (tremolo), or even timbre. Transient generators can control non-recurring variances or be triggered to produce desired attacks at the beginning of any note. Even random control voltages can be obtained by using part of the output from the white-noise generator.

Other modules in the Moog system perform such functions as "envelope generation" (shaping of a note's attack, duration, and decay time); "envelope following" (synchronizing changes in one note's parameters with parameters—not necessarily the same ones—in another note); and the programing of rhythmical sequences.

The keyboard that controls them all was chosen purely as a convenient, *general-purpose* switching device, embodying no specific musical significance. The control voltages it switches can vary pitch (the "conventional" use, though the scale need not be a conventional one), amplitude, timbre, or any other parameter: "You use the whole instrument to get as much control and musicality with a line as possible," says Carlos. "While one hand is playing notes on the keyboard, the other can be playing loudnesses."

Other control devices could be used as easily: Moog also offers a "linear controller," the output voltage of which is proportional to the position of the player's hand along a metal band; while the Buchla Synthesizer uses touch-sensitive metal plates, that do not move, as keys.

The keyboard of the Moog Synthesizer used by Carlos has additional sensors



—*Edward Koren.*

The prophetic cartoon above, which is utilized by R. A. Moog, Trumansburg, N.Y., in its promotional material, first appeared in *SR*, February 17, 1962.

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WHAT IS A MOOG? A "Moog" is not a WHAT, but a WHO—a thirty-four-year-old Robert A. Moog, whose years have been almost equally divided between aspirations to music and to science. After attending primary schools and studying the piano, he decided that the Bronx High School of Science had more appeal than, say, the High School of Music and Art. Out of high school, into engineering, first at Queens College for a B.S., then to Columbia for an E.E. (Electrical Engineering degree), and on to Cornell for a doctorate. This accounts, no doubt, for the location of Moog Laboratories in Trumansburg, New York, a suburb of Ithaca. "Moogs" are now available in standard and custom designs, depending on the needs of the purchaser. Moog Synthesizers range from $3,000 to $10,000.

(not found on stock Moog instruments) that register the velocity and depth of each key's depression, "things that no organ is normally sensitive to—more like a piano . . . it gives you the opportunity, at last, . . . to start shaping phrases as you play," says Carlos.

His is a custom Moog in other ways as well. It features polyphonic oscillators, which allow one of his two keyboards to produce chords or overlapping notes; and it contains more than the normal complement of "envelopers, amplifiers, and filters," the components that give each wave its final touch and timbre.

Switched-On Bach exploits all of these possibilities for musical expression, so natural to conventional performance yet all too new to the electronic field. But beyond these effects are those that only electronics can supply—an infinity of tonal variations—and Carlos uses them to equally good effect. For the most part, these resources are deployed conservatively. But in the second movement of the *Brandenburg* Concerto No. 3 in G major, Carlos and Folkman have improvised a cadenza employing the most frankly electronic—and to my mind most interesting—techniques on the record. Among the sounds are a wild, swooping electronic cry like a *glissando* on bare, jangly piano strings; some quasi-subliminal liquid gurglings; chirps; exuberant

(*Continued on page* 57)

Moog's Guide to Electronic Music Terminology

Unalphabetically Arranged in Logical Order

ELECTRONIC MUSIC consists of electronically generated sounds and natural sounds that are modified electronically, assembled into music by magnetic tape manipulation, or performed live. Electronic music is a medium of expression, not a specific type of music. In fact, electronic music includes music as diverse as Carlos and Folkman's *Switched-On Bach*, the newest Coca-Cola commercial, much of the currently popular rock 'n' roll, and representative material from all camps of the musical avant-garde.

WAVE FORM—The graph of an electrical variation versus time.

SIGNAL—The variations of an electrical current which constitute the flow of information.

GENERATOR—An instrument that originates a signal.

OSCILLATOR—A generator that produces periodic or regularly repeating wave forms. Oscillators produce pitched sounds.

TRANSIENT GENERATOR—A generator that produces a wave form of defined, but non-repetitive, shape.

RANDOM GENERATOR (also called WHITE SOUND SOURCE or WHITE NOISE GENERATOR)—A generator that produces a signal in which there is no predictable relation between any two parts of the wave form. The sound is completely pitchless and sounds like rushing air.

MODIFIER—An instrument that alters a signal in a specified manner. Modifiers are extremely useful for altering the tone quality of sounds.

AMPLIFIER—A modifier that alters the amplitude or intensity of a signal.

FILTER—A modifier that emphasizes certain frequencies and attenuates others. A LOW PASS FILTER allows through all frequencies below its "cutoff frequency," and attenuates all frequencies above cutoff; a HIGH PASS FILTER allows through all frequencies above its cutoff frequency, and attenuates all frequencies below cutoff. A BAND PASS FILTER passes one particular band of frequencies. An EQUALIZER is a filter that is generally designed to correct for non-uniform frequency response.

MODULATOR—A modifier that alters a given characteristic of one signal in response to the variations of a second signal.

REVERBERATION UNIT—A modifier that adds a series of closely spaced echoes to a signal, thereby imparting a sense of liveliness and space to sound material.

MIXER—An instrument which permits the controlled combination of signals and their routing to other instruments.

TAPE MUSIC—Electronic music that is assembled and composed by magnetic tape manipulation rather than by live performance.

MUSIQUE CONCRETE—Electronic music in which natural sounds, rather than electronically generated sounds, are used as source material.

VOLTAGE CONTROL—The control of the operating characteristics of an instrument by the variation of an externally applied voltage called the "control voltage." A VOLTAGE-CONTROLLED OSCILLATOR is an oscillator in which the frequency of the wave form is voltage-controllable. A VOLTAGE-CONTROLLED FILTER and a VOLTAGE-CONTROLLED AMPLIFIER offer voltage-controllable cutoff frequency and gain respectively.

CONTROLLER—An instrument that produces one or more control voltages.

MANUAL CONTROLLER—A controller whose control voltage outputs respond to hand movements.

SEQUENTIAL CONTROLLER—A controller whose control voltage outputs consist of sequences of present (programed) voltages.

ENVELOPE—The loudness-time contour of a sound.

ENVELOPE GENERATOR or TRANSIENT GENERATOR—An instrument which produces a transient control voltage which, when used to control the gain of a voltage-controlled amplifier, imparts an envelope to a steady sound.

ENVELOPE FOLLOWER—An instrument which derives a voltage proportional to the envelope of the sound which is fed into it.

TRIGGER—A signal which has only two possible states and which is used to initiate transient wave form.

INTERFACE—An instrument that enables two other instruments of dissimilar modes of operation to function in combination.

SYNTHESIZER—A system of generators, modifiers, and controllers that is designed to permit the building-up of sounds in a general and logical way.

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THE ROLLING STONES

Beggars' Triumph

IT BEGINS with a crazed wildcat yelp and the primordial rhythms of hand drums on a rampage. It builds maniacally in intensity and complexity, the vocal brawling, the drums double gunning, the bass pumping, and the piano twisting the melody and rhythms together like so much heavy two-ply twine. The guitar whines, the voices hoot, and the lyrics blast the consciousness with a pageant of chaos. It's a bit pretentious in spots, has a couplet or two of unadorned truth and some specious nose-thumbing at history, but it gets you moving, jiving, and throttles you with its raunchy nastiness, the furious ranting that ranges far beyond the lyrics. "Sympathy for the Devil," the opening cut from *Beggars Banquet* (London stereo, 539), is a song full of what rock 'n' roll is all about, and for all who lament the bastardization of rock. The Rolling Stones have finally come through. They show all too clearly that what had generously passed for 1968 rock was just a scene of loudmouthed mediocrity and studio claptrap.

The Stones have created a primer in rock 'n' roll, blues and country rock, assimilating honestly and energetically. It's a definitive 1960s rock album, the best the Stones have ever done, perhaps one of the best rock albums ever assembled. It has a staunch, secure style, a crude artistic vigor, and it dishes the dirt with turbulent glee, raving wildly, restrained only to the point of coherence.

The blues songs on *Beggars Banquet* have sinewy melodies, careful harp work, and slinky bottleneck acoustic guitar figurations. "Dear Doctor," one of them, is a rectilinear country blues, a perfect vehicle for the drawling vocals, the loony falsetto, and cornball harmonies. Their country and blues songs are truly inspired, their assimilations of these older song styles are pervasive and unaffected, unlike the nostalgic tomfoolery on *The Beatles* or the campy re-creations on The Mothers of Invention's latest album, *Ruben and the Jets* (the former is superficial, the latter a visionary resurrection of an old form intact). The Stones' derivative product is the result of four seasoned rock 'n' roll men affectionately goofing on Johnny Cash, Buck Owens, Son House, Elmore James, The Byrds' *Sweethearts of the Rodeo*, and Dylan's *John Wesley Harding*. Like the latter, the Stones "drink to the hard working people/ . . . drink to the lowly of birth/ raise your glass to the good and the evil . . . drink to the salt of the earth"* (from "Salt of the Earth").

One of the finest songs on the album, "Jigsaw Puzzle," is openly reminiscent of Dylan. It's a narrative, flowing with characters and instant vignettes, a preoccupation with outlaws and outcasts in their latter-day incarnations: tramps, grandmas, soldiers, and a rock 'n' roll band:

> Oh the singer looks so angry
> at being thrown to the lions
> and the bass player looks so nervous
> about the girls outside
> and the drummer he was shattered
> trying to keep on time
> and the guitar player looks damaged
> they've been outcasts all their lives.*

"Me, I'm waiting so patiently," goes the refrain, "with my woman on the floor/ just trying to do my jigsaw puzzle/before it rains any more."*

The Stones have always enjoyed and excelled at lusty music and joyfully lecherous lyrics. They're the evil loners, Marlon Brandos of pop, Hell's Angels on a rock 'n' roll stage. Mick Jagger, a prancing, lascivious satyr, is *the* prototypical sex symbol of rock. The bluesy backbeat of "Parachute" is couched in the heavy concupiscent symbolism of the lyrics, a tradition of the folk-blues heritage from which it draws. On the other hand, "Stray Cat Blues," one of the outstanding rock songs on the album, is explicitly lewd and sadistic.

It's a raw, leering song about a fifteen-year-old-girl climbing the stairs to find the Stones. It begins with a salty snicker and driving beat. It builds and twists with brutal rhythms, an explosive balance of tensions and a shattering release. "You say you got a friend, she's wilder than you," Jagger gloats. "Why don't you bring her upstairs/If she's so wild she can join in too/ . . . don't scratch like that/Oh, yeah, you're a strange stray cat/bet your mama don't know you bite like that/I bet she never saw you scratch my back."* A classic Stones song, brilliantly done.

Beggars Banquet is not an album that will be cooed over by condescending classical music critics or patronizing college professors trying to be chic. There is nothing for either here, no intellectual profundity or melodic innovation, no avant-garde experimentalism or mixing-board contortions. It's a raw and raunchy rock album, delightfully vicious and deliciously bestial. Its depth is in its dark, tangled textures, and its weight is in its kinetic density. With their new producer, Jimmy Miller, the Stones have outdone everyone trying to recapture the slavish intensity of rock (including the Beatles), and, most amazingly, they've outdone themselves. The heights of fury they reach on *Beggars Banquet* are awesome, almost terrifying.

IF you noticed what one reader called "a touch of hesitance" in my Beatles review ["The Beatles: Plain White Wrapper," *SR*, Dec. 28] you were right. By now, having lived a month with the album, I feel somewhat disappointed. Only a handful of cuts have enough of anything in them to sustain my interest (and most of them are George Harrison's songs), and the cross-indexing of influences I first found so endearing now strikes me as unbearably cute. Sophistication loses to coyness (and vice versa), and the Beatles are caught between both facets of their performing personalities. I find their trickiness excessive and trite; they almost always just missed putting their fingers on the core of the songs, though the surfaces are deceivingly intact. The spirit lags in most of the songs that try to be deep, and the album suffers badly. It has its moments of beauty and its areas of sensitivity, but as a total package it's a lightweight.

—ELLEN SANDER.

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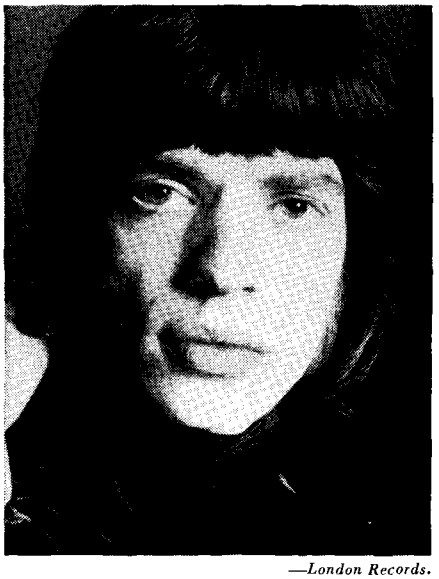

—*London Records.*

Mick Jagger—"a prancing, lascivious satyr."

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"Ariadne" Reconsidered

AMONG the alternating paste and gems of the Strauss repertoire, *Ariadne auf Naxos* keeps shining with a consistent and genuine gleam. The admixture—even in such major works as *Salome*, *Elektra*, *Die Frau ohne Schatten*—of searing dramatic truth with suburban marching tunes and waltzes is here held to a minimum. Certain pages—notably the close-harmony trio of Naiad, Dryad, and Echo, who share the island of Naxos with the forsaken Ariadne—are below par, but creatively rather than stylistically. The opera is well unified, and this, in the face of its checkered history, remains an achievement.

As is well known, the original *Ariadne* formed a one-act interlude in the Hofmannsthal adaptation of Molière's *Le bourgeois gentilhomme*, for which Strauss provided incidental music. At the Stuttgart premiere of 1912, the mixed dish was found indigestible; the opera was detached from the play, a Prologue added, and the new version (a full evening of lyric drama) came to Vienna four years later.

A few changes, such as lowering the range of Zerbinetta's aria from outer space to the merely stratospheric, were effected in the Stuttgart original; but the real significance of this 1916 *Ariadne*, now standard, had to do with the freshly created Prologue—on many counts one of Strauss's happiest thoughts. Its mercurial interchange of spoken lines with clipped *recitativo* and romantic vocal surge opened new avenues of freedom in the musical theater. The richly drawn characters in the Prologue—types to be found backstage even today wherever opera is presented—brought humanity to the rather lunar atmosphere of the old one-acter. And the figure of the Composer (a trouser role in the tradition of Octavian and Cherubino, yet miles away from either in its idealism) became the most fragile and cherishable in any of Strauss's works.

Ariadne calls for a chamber orchestra of thirty-seven players in both the Prologue and the opera itself. Action in the physical sense is intermittent. States of mind predominate: fantasy sparked by humor and contrasting pathos. The style is intimate, the performing medium inward, the coloring delicate—with glints of virtuosity from the coloratura who is playing Zerbinetta. Given these basic elements, along with high musicianship from singers and conductor, *Ariadne* should come off successfully. Though a caviar piece, it has a wide audience.

I doubt that this audience, so enchanted with Angel's mono version (3532) conducted by Herbert von Karajan over a decade ago, will find much to acclaim in the company's new stereo release (SCL-3733). History seems to be repeating itself at Angel. First, it was this outfit's mono *Tosca* (Victor de Sabata directing)—incomparable in its own right—that sank a later stereo try, and now the same happens with *Ariadne*. One should list a few good points of the new project: the well recorded sound; the idiomatic, if rather cool, conducting by Rudolf Kempe with the orchestra of the Dresden State Opera; the excellent Arlecchino of Hermann Prey; the first-rate Dancing Master of Peter Schreier; the generally commanding Zerbinetta of Sylvia Geszty, even if she lets us down the least bit in her aria—these are its assets.

LESS congenial is the Ariadne of Gundula Janowitz, a singer concentrating on purity of line, elegance of phrasing at the expense of vibrancy. She achieves her goal with a dead-center instrumental tone better suited to sacred Bach cantatas than to the very secular music of Strauss. Janowitz, however, is not the only insufficient Ariadne on records. Even in the otherwise splendid set by Karajan, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's performance of the title role is so unremittingly sweet as to induce an allergy by empathy; and in the Victor album conducted by Erich Leinsdorf (stereo, 6152), Leonie Rysanek—who thrives on music for the brilliant upper half of her voice—finds much of the score too low and dark. The other extreme seems to affect Christa Ludwig in her excerpted recording (Victrola stereo, VICS-1241) of the monologue: ease, warmth, and opulence at the bottom; some anxiety at the top. Indisputably, Ariadne's finest moment on discs still comes from Maria Jeritza, who created the role in both the Stuttgart and Vienna versions. The high, crystalline, almost disembodied tone (B flat) on the word "*Hermes*" as she describes the advent of Death's messenger is something to hear. One page, it is true. For the whole role, in retrospect, a Lehmann; in anticipation, a Crespin.

James King, Bacchus in the new set, gives a performance reminiscent of his Kaiser in the Metropolitan's *Die Frau ohne Schatten*: good, solid, but impersonal. I should rate him above Rudolf Schock, in the Karajan album, and below Jan Peerce, in the Leinsdorf set, who,

—From "Caricatures by Caruso."

Richard Strauss (caricature by Enrico Caruso, dated 1913)—"One of Strauss's happiest thoughts."

even with a voice no longer in bloom, sings with purpose and imagination. Among Peerce's colleagues on Victor, Roberta Peters—in good form—is a capable Zerbinetta, and Sena Jurinac a disappointing Composer. The role is a great one, Jurinac a distinguished artist; but they seem to have passed each other in time. When this recording was made, the Jurinac voice was already too mature for the radiant, other-worldly quality demanded by the part. She would seem, on the evidence, to be ready for Ariadne.

It is through the Composer that Angel's mono plays its strongest card in the person of Irmgard Seefried. Such poetry, radiance, and perception from first note to last are rarely encountered in any role, and Miss Seefried makes it hard for all who follow. Teresa Zylis-Gara falls victim in the new Angel stereo, singing well enough, but unable, in the long run, to compete with the memory of a great performance.

WITH Zerbinetta, too, the early Angel scored. Rita Streich remains the best singer of this part on records. As for the conductors, Karajan works magic, Leinsdorf business, Kempe a course between. Yet when all other means of comparison have been exhausted, the major point for Angel's mono comes in one word: *characterization*. This older *Ariadne*, even with reservations about one or two of the principal singers, is dramatized throughout. Consider the choices for Music Master in the two more recent recordings: Angel stereo has the sonorous Theo Adam; Victor, the resonant Walter Berry. And who was entrusted with this role in the Karajan set? None other than our Beckmesser friend, Karl Dönch, sounding wonderfully querulous, sympathetic, humanly fallible as the aging musician, a symbol of everything right with that original album. One should be grateful to Angel's new recording if only for the occasion it gives to bring out, compare, and remember the old.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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Recordings in Review

A Lesson by Askenase

CHOPIN: *Berceuse, Op. 57. A Lesson by Stefan Askenase, piano; with printed text, score, and two 10-inch recordings.* "Learning with the Masters," Vol. 1, $25. (C. F. Peters Corporation, 373 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016)

IS IT possible to publish a book of 150 pages about a single piece of music lasting six minutes? Not only is it possible, it has been done here by C. F. Peters, the first in a projected series of volumes. The procedure is a simple, well organized one: three record sides contain a lengthy "lesson" in which the Berceuse is performed by a pupil, and in which Askenase's verbal comments, bar-by-bar, are interspersed with illustrations by him of his points at the piano. The other side offers an uninterrupted performance of the Berceuse by Askenase. The printed matter in the 150-page volume reproduces the contents of the lesson records, including each set of measures. The score contains Askenase's dynamic markings and fingerings.

Efforts to utilize the phonograph for educational purposes are, of course, not new. Nor is the participation of a celebrated musician unprecedented (Louis Persinger's lesson-lecture on the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto comes to mind). The future of "Learning with the Masters" depends on the extent to which the series deals with a broad cross section of the literature (the other volumes presently announced include Maria Stader commenting on an aria from *The St. Matthew Passion* of Bach, and Aurèle Nicole discussing Debussy's *Syrinx* for flute). It also strikes me that $25 is a considerable sum for a student to invest in the exposition of a single piece, no matter how expertly expounded.

In the present instance, the exposition is altogether expert. Askenase, now seventy-two, is of Polish birth and was first taught by his mother, who had studied with Carl Mikuli, the celebrated pupil of Chopin. His comments are always sound and to the point (though a more interesting verbal presentation might be wished for). The fourth side Berceuse is beautifully played, and certainly an affirmation of everything in his discourse. However, a less costly textual presentation (the 150-page book produced by Panton Publishers of Zurich, Switzerland, is a *luxe* affair) would unquestionably impel a warmer recommendation. At $10, or even $12.50, yes. At $25, well, hardly.

De Larrocha, in Solo Soler and Duet Granados

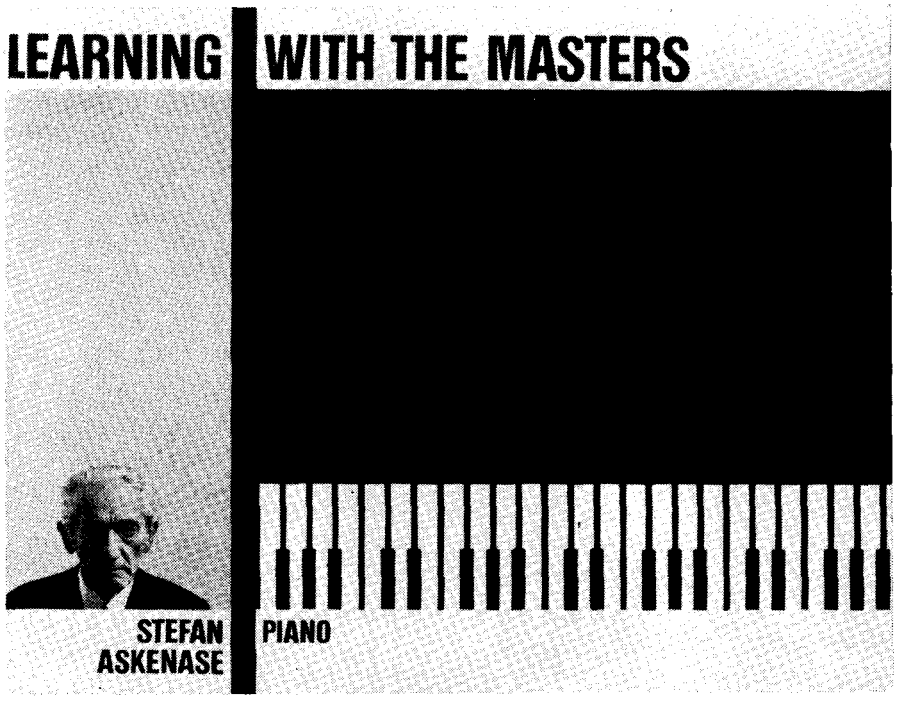
SOLER: *Sonatas in D minor, D major, F-sharp major, F major, F-sharp major, C-sharp minor, G minor, and D-flat major. Alicia de Larrocha, piano.* Epic stereo, BC 1389, $5.98. GRANADOS: *Tonadillas, Canciones amatorias. Conchita Badia, soprano; with de Larrocha, piano.* Everest stereo, 3237, $4.98.

NEITHER the sonatas of Soler nor the songs of Granados are without recorded representation, but an outstanding artist—especially one with a strongly national affinity for the subject matter—can always add something of consequence to the matter in hand. Especially in the case of Soler, where "national affinity" has an importance worth noting.

That relates to the often-remarked affiliation of Soler with the creator most closely associated with single movement works called "sonatas," Domenico Scarlatti. A performer of another background might see in the likeness of Soler's works to Scarlatti's, in length, general layout, and fundamental style, not much more than a duplication of an existing model. But de Larrocha's closeness to the soil from which Soler's works sprung shows that they are almost as different, in accent, spirit, and conformation from those of Scarlatti as a nocturne of Chopin is, say, from one of John Field. In addition to the sonatas in which Spanish elements per se play a part (and Judith Robison's notes are helpful on this point), the strength and range of the patterns, generally, accommodate a much more percussive attack than would be considered appropriate in Scarlatti. And much as Miss de Larrocha's mastery has been admired in nineteenth-century music (Schumann and Chopin, as well as the composers of her own country), it can only be appreciated in her articulation, with an even-fingered precision that suggests so many tiny hammer blows, of the trills, mordents, and other embellishments which encrust the basically simple patterns of Soler. It may not be her most widely appealing record, but it is apt to be the one that pianists will listen to most attentively.

Singers are likely to listen attentively to this Everest release, if only to discover what there is about it that caused Everest to bill it as ALICIA DE LARROCHA PIANO CONCHITA BADIA SOPRANO HOMAGE TO GRANADOS. Doubtless Everest reasons that a de Larrocha is a de Larrocha and this entitles her to star billing (and the sales potential deriving therefrom).

The natural questions—such as time and place of recording—which attach to such an issue have been met, by Everest, with an inclusive blanket of silence that prompts investigation. Pending an outcome, it may be mentioned that Señora Badia is identified as "a direct disciple of Granados, and an old friend of the family," which raises the speculation "How old?" (Granados died in 1916, or fifty-two years ago). The voice is cer-



"A *luxe* affair."

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tainly neither young nor fresh, but when one becomes attuned to a certain acidulous quality in its sound, there is much to enjoy in the spirit, insight, and eloquence with which the music is recreated. Understanding is not assisted by anything resembling texts. A suggestion, from the most informed New York authorities on de Larrocha, that this might date from the long-ago days of her career is refuted by the contemporary sound of the piano reproduction. A tape of a broadcast? Perhaps. It is, in any case, a choice item for the collector. (No. 3 of the *Tonadillas* is omitted from the set of ten.)

Los Angeles and the "Zarzuela"

GIMENEZ: *Zapateado, "Canción de la Tempranica" (La Tempranica).** CHAPI: *"Canción de Pastora" (La patria chica); "Canción de la Gitana" (La chavala).* VALVERDE: *"Tango de la Menegilda," "Chotís del Eliseo Madrileño" (La gran vía).** SERRANO: *"Romanza de Gloria" (Los de Aragón); "Canción de la Gitana" (La alegría del batallón); "Escena Lírica [Rosa]" (Los claveles).* LLEO: *"Couplets Babilónicos" (La corte de Faraón).* CABALLERO: *"Romanza de Pilar" (Gigantes y cabezudos).* BARBIERI: *"Canción de Paloma" (El barberillo de Lavapiés). Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; with members of the Spanish National Orchestra conducted by Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos (*with the Coro de Cámara del Real).* Angel stereo, S-36556, $5.79.

IS IT possible the world owes this collection of *zarzuela* excerpts by Victoria de los Angeles to the example of Montserrat Caballé? A product of 1967, it demonstrates de los Angeles's artistry in a range of matter and in a manner of performance not previously associated with her. It establishes her total identity with the broad range of *zarzuela* matter, from the liveliest *zapateado* to the most languorously sentimental *canción*, in a succession of vocal sounds hardly surpassable for flexibility, warmth, and insinuating appeal.

Some experts in the genre—of which I am not one—might complain of an excessive refinement in the de los Angeles way with the "Canción de la Gitana," from Chapi's *La chavala*, even to the point of making it the least bit ladylike. But the artistry is so artfully administered, the resources of her technic so purposefully applied to the benefit of the composer's patterns, the lover of fine singing may be pardoned for indulging it for its own sake. And whoever programed the collection may be admired for extolling de los Angeles's command of tone color by following this Chapi excerpt with the totally different sound of Valverde's "Tango de la Menegilda"

(*Continued on page* 53)

Boulez in Top Form

—*Photo by Dora Harvey, dated 1932.*

Béla Bartók—"among the five great names in contemporary music."

BEING born in 1926 may not seem much of a factor in the career of Pierre Boulez, for the important element in any career is not when one is born, but what one is born with. However, the particular kind of mind and capacities with which he was endowed were almost ideally placed in time to reach the fulfillment contained in his latest disc of Bartók (Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta) and Stravinsky (*The Firebird,* 1910 Suite), both bracingly performed under his direction by the BBC Symphony Orchestra (Columbia stereo, MS 7206, $5.98).

That is to say, to enable him to view the music of the first half of this century as a part of history rather than, as it is to some of his older colleagues, a still unresolved chapter. It is, unquestionably, in investigation and illumination of the works of Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Webern, and Berg that Boulez has performed his finest musical services to date. That he has now turned to Bartók's Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta is, simply, a validation of the opinion expressed by Boulez in his accompanying notes: "Undeniably, Bartók's place is among the five great names in contemporary music, alongside Stravinsky, Webern, Schoenberg, and Berg."

From the outset, it is clear that this is Boulez in top form—exercising his extraordinary acuity of eye as well as ear, his exceptional sense of timbre and tone, his capacity to rethink any score to which he applies his mind and bring forth a distinctive result. In some instances, as in the version of Debussy's *La Mer* recently circulated, what emerged is an X-ray plate of the score's structure rather than a graphic likeness of its whole body (flesh and all). But the virtues have outnumbered the flaws.

In the Bartók, one tends to feel at the outset that this is a rather quiet performance, lacking the particular kind of tensile strength and nerve-end sensitivity that has long distinguished the performances under Leonard Bernstein (for more than twenty years, the work's best interpreter for my taste). But Boulez is merely biding his time. The temperature soon rises to a feverish 103, the excitement in the bloodstream of the music conveys its full hectic flush to the listener, and the special kind of urgency Bartók poured into this work is upsettingly evident all over again. Boulez's preference in sonorities results in a bigger, more "symphonic" sound than Bernstein's (the latter's inclination, as it arises in memory, is more to the chamber music proportion), which contributes its own impact to the outcome.

The intellectual vitamins in this disc are double strength, for Boulez makes out a cogent case for preferring the 1910 version of *The Firebird* music to the form (or forms) in which it has since appeared under Stravinsky's editorial hand. The Suite does not include the "Berceuse" and "Finale," which may seem to some a deprivation; but the "energetics" (as Boulez terms them) which the conductor finds in the "Infernal Dance of Katschei" almost preclude the succession of anything else.

Beyond this matter of inclusion or exclusion, the Suite of 1910 is, as Boulez states, "indissolubly linked to the musical thought that gave it birth." He continues: "Perhaps Stravinsky himself is more satisfied with the stricter control imposed on the other versions, but I hope that he will allow that my point of view does not exactly coincide with his. I remain personally convinced that a composer proposes and that his listeners dispose."

Fortunate, in any case, is the composer with a "listener"-interpreter of the quality of Boulez. For, in addition to the auditory faculties that make his Bartók outstanding, and the keenness of mind that distinguishes any task he undertakes, Boulez shows here a sense of the kinetics that go into dance, a response to the motor force in the music which give the results a special verve (and, when proper, languor) that recalls the effect that the late Constant Lambert achieved in his dancing versions of Tchaikovsky's ballet music.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report
Chausson: *Poème.* Ravel: *Tzigane.* Saint-Saëns: *Havanaise;* Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso. Igor Oistrakh; with Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting the Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra. Melodiya/Angel stereo, S-40077, $5.79.	Igor Oistrakh's command of a dazzling technical facility continues to expand as he strengthens the base of his own career independent of any identity with his father's. The question, vis-à-vis the contents of this disc, is the extent to which he has expanded his identity with a wide variety of musical styles. In the case of the *Poème,* there tends to be more emphasis on the masterful violinistic art with which it is performed than on the substance of what is being performed. In the Ravel and Saint-Saëns, where the depth of expression is less, the relatively shallow penetration gives smaller cause for complaint.
Mozart: Concertos Nos. 14 in E flat and 15 in B flat. Daniel Barenboim, piano-conductor, and the English Chamber Orchestra. Angel stereo, S-36546, $5.79.	Daniel Barenboim has given ample evidence of two things relative to Mozart: to play his piano music expertly and to conduct some of his more intimate orchestral works less expertly. In undertaking to combine both functions, it is almost inevitable that the result should bear the impress of his greater skill as a pianist than a conductor. This relates more to the matter of balance than anything else, for the results are steadily orchestra with piano and piano with orchestra, but practically never orchestra *and* piano (on a basis of equality and partnership). The E-flat begins with the piano considerably more prominent than the orchestra, and, though this is eventually adjusted, the initial impact remains as a blemish. In the B-flat, the particular kind of joyousness and conversational interchange that courses through the work is downgraded spiritually, subjected to a straightening seriousness that takes a good deal of the bubble and life from the work. The essence of it is that there is ample in any Mozart concerto to occupy a conductor as well as a soloist, and the dual function rarely results in compatibility.
Strauss: *Don Quixote.* The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Lorin Maazel; with Emanuel Brabec, violoncello; and Josef Staar, viola. London stereo, CS 6593, $5.79.	The many good qualities in this performance include the virtuoso response of the Vienna Philharmonic to the hard-driving direction of Maazel, the energy and crispness in that direction, and the rich sound of the Brabec cello in sustained lyric passages. Intermingled with them and offsetting the stimulation thus conveyed are Maazel's erratic contrasts of pace and dynamics, the determination to make everything super, whether loud or fast, slow or soft. Brabec knows the tradition of his part and does his best to deliver it meaningfully, but he is lacking in the personal projection to stand up to the kind of pressure Maazel applied to the music as well as the orchestra. As a final factor, the recording is so closely miked that one is too often in a welter of detail that obscures totality. Not, in other words, my favorite *Don Quixote.*
Strauss: *Ein Heldenleben.* Zubin Mehta conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra; with David Frisina, violin. London stereo, CS 6608, $5.79.	Other than his *Verklärte Nacht,* this is the best performance by Mehta known to me (of anything, including operas). It is taut, beautifully controlled, and re-created in a truly Straussian spirit. This applies in particular to the section sometimes called "The Hero's Works of Peace," in which the autobiographical-minded composer reviewed some of his previous creations and found them good. It provides Mehta with the opportunity to convey his impressions of *Don Juan, Guntram, Zarathustra, Don Quixote, Till Eulenspiegel,* "Traum durch die Dämmerung," etc., and establish clearly that he is no one-work Strauss man. And the sunset glow of the ending is warmly, colorfully evoked. It is, of course, further to his credit that he has molded in his own image the instrument with which he achieves these results, and London has cooperated to leave little doubt that the LA Philharmonic is rapidly becoming one of the best in the country. There are, incidentally, few concertmasters who could improve on the solo effort of David Frisina, and solo horn Sinclair Lott deserves the billing he has been accorded.
Stravinsky: *The Rite of Spring; Fireworks.* Seiji Ozawa conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 3026, $5.98.	Ozawa doesn't do the work or his developing career much good with this overblown, overbowed, overpounded performance (especially in its latter phases). The time has passed for a mature performer to regard this score as one to be exploited for its "sensational" values. Better to play it for the musical masterpiece that it is, and let the "sensations" take care of themselves —as they inevitably will. The tempi inclinations are to opposite extremes (the fast parts too fast, the slower sections too slow). This brings it out, in the end, to a conventional length, but it distorts too much of the intended effect along the way. Vitality and energy it has, of course, also a possessive command of the orchestra. But there is much more to an impressive version of *Le Sacre* than that. The *Fireworks* are appropriately colorful.
Weber: Concertos Nos. 1 and 2. Benny Goodman, clarinet; with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Jean Martinon. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 3052, $5.98.	This is very likely the best recording yet to Goodman's credit in the standard repertory (to distinguish it from the specialized requirements in the Nielsen Concerto, of which a review of his version appeared April 29, 1967). He continues to make progress in the adaption of his formidable technical skills to the problems of phrasing, dynamics, and tone color appropriate to this repertory, rather than that in which he won his first fame. Some of the runs and arpeggios are delivered with remarkable fluency, and the tone, once biting and hard for good professional reasons, has been smoothed and mellowed into a timbre appropriate to this kind of music. There is still something of the tentative and inflexible in his approach to written out music which relates, perhaps, to a certain awe of it, rather than lack of capacity. Martinon's portion of the partnership is beautifully done, the orchestra performs well, and the recording, per se, is excellent. —Irving Kolodin.

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Continued from page 51

(for all that they might have been recorded months apart).

With the exception of the indispensable "Canción de la Gitana" from Serrano's *La alegría del batallón* and the "Couplets Babilónicos" from Lleó's *La corte de Faraón* (surely among the most insinuating musical ideas ever invented by anyone), the material diverges from that favored by Supervia and, more recently, by Caballé. That is all to the good, for the abundance of material is only exceeded by the high musical quality embodied in it. The cooperation of Frühbeck de Burgos ranks high among the best things he has done for the phonograph, and the recording (aside from some switching about in the placement of the singer vis-à-vis the mike) is of excellent quality. The result is that rarity at any time: a disc not only to cherish, but also to enjoy.

The Best of Boskovsky

STRAUSS, J. SR: *Jugendfeuer-Galopp; Indianer-Galopp; Exeter-Polka; Tivoli-Rutsch-Walzer.* STRAUSS, J. JR: *Liebeslieder-Walzer.* STRAUSS, JOSEF: *Die Guten alten Zeiten-Walzer.* LANNER: *Pesther-Walzer; Jägers Lust-Galopp.* SCHUBERT, FRANZ: *Waltzes and Ecossaises. Boskovsky Ensemble directed by Willi Boskovsky.* London stereo, CS 6570, $5.79.

THERE is abundant competition for honors among the real and pseudo Strauss experts who conduct symphony orchestras, but when it comes to the chamber music form of Viennese dance music, there is Boskovsky first and nobody second. This may be challenged by devotees of Alexander Schneider's way with the music of Josef Lanner, but this was an exceptional instance which he has not allowed to become habit-forming.

Some who are acquainted with the contents of this disc may regard it as tainted because the works of all the composers are played in "arrangements" by Alexander Weinmann. What he has undertaken to do (as he explains in his annotation) is to unify the means employed, according to the customs that prevailed in the intimate surroundings where Vienna danced. That meant a quartet of strings (double bass rather than violoncello), flute, clarinet, and two horns.

The justice of the treatment is clear enough from the quality of the results. Boskovsky's own "lead" violin is a model of tact and deftness, providing all the rhythmic impulse desired, without sacrificing sentiment or delicacy. Here and there a bit of monotony sets in as one

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report	
Auber: "Ewig will ich dir gehören" (*Fra Diavolo*). Bizet: "Ich seh' die Mutter dort" (*Carmen**). D'Albert: "Schau her, das ist ein Taler" (*Tiefland*). Kienzl: "Selig sind die Verfolgung leiden" (*Der Evangelimann*); "Lug' Dursel, lug' " (*Der Kuhreigen*). Puccini: "Wie sich die Bilder gleichen," "Und es blitzten die Sterne" (*Tosca*). Smetana: "Es muss gelingen" (*The Bartered Bride*). Strauss: "Di rigori armato" (*Der Rosenkavalier*). Verdi: "Freundlich blick' ich," "O, wie so trügerisch" (*Rigoletto*); "Ach, ihres Auges Zauberblick" (*La Traviata*); "Dass nur für mich dein Herz erbebt," "Lodern zum Himmel" (*Il Trovatore*); "Was hab' ich leiden müssen" (*Aïda***). Wolf-Ferrari: "Madonna unter Tränen" (*The Jewels of the Madonna*). Richard Tauber, tenor; with Elisabeth Rethberg*, soprano; and Sabine Kalter**, mezzo soprano. Seraphim mono, 60086, $2.49.	Even the most devoted Tauberian will find something previously unknown to him or beyond his best collecting effort in this sixteen-part collation from the kitchens of the companies now within the EMI empire (Odeon, Parlophone, etc.). Indeed, the Don José-Micaela duet from Act I of *Carmen* is worth the price of the entire banquet just for the serving of the vintage Rethberg, round, pure, and full. The date of its recording was lost when documents bearing on it were destroyed during World War II, but it would hardly have been later than 1930. In the *Evangelimann* aria that follows it (1931), the Tauber top is a trumpet blast, with a sheen that it	naturally sacrificed to usage as time passed. And, to paraphrase Irving Berlin, if you want to hear Puccini shaped like Lehár, listen to Tauber melt the shape of "Recondita armonia" and "E lucevan le stelle" into a molten spring of sound —with a length of phrase scarcely any tenor of today would dream of undertaking. And, speaking of phrasing, the Tauber way with "Di rigori armato" from *Der Rosenkavalier* is different, and with much more character thereby, at its slow tempo, from that of any prior interpreter of it I have encountered. A true feast of tenor tidbits, enlarged to a supercharged nourishment by a unique artist.
Chopin: Sonatas in B-flat minor (Op. 35) and B minor (Op. 58). Van Cliburn, piano. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 3053, $5.98.	Cliburn's first record in two years, and his first solo disc in even longer, is but a qualified triumph—if that. It is a reminder, for those who have not heard him in the intervening time, that he commands an awesome facility at the keyboard (with results that are more consistently accurate on this disc than they may be in the concert hall) and a strain of simple, engaging lyricism, which aids him in making something	memorable of the contrasting section of the "Marche funèbre," which is beautifully played. But the march itself is rather uninvolved emotionally, an all-too-characteristic trait of both performances. They are guarded, non-committed, lacking—for my taste—the urgency and compulsion which motivated their creation. Pianistically, the Scherzo of Opus 58 is miraculously performed.
Kreisler: *Tambourin chinois; Caprice viennois; Gypsy Caprice; Shepherd's Madrigal; Schön Rosmarin; Liebesleid; Liebesfreud; The Old Refrain; Chanson Louis XIII;* and *Pavane*. Dohnányi: "Gypsy andante." Dvořák-Kreisler: *Humoresque; Indian Lament;* and Slavonic Dances in G minor (Op. 46, No. 2) and in G (Op. 78, No. 8). Fritz Kreisler, violin; with Carl Lamson, piano. Victrola mono, VIC 1372, $2.50.	For those who were not exposed to the sorcery of Kreisler's art "live"—which means, virtually, anyone under twenty-five—this collection can be recommended as a speaking likeness of it, in all its intimacy and insinuation. For if one kind of high fidelity is sacrificed by comparison with versions he made later, these of the Twenties have it all over them in high fidelity of another sort —to his best standards and truest kind of artistry. They answer, quite convincingly, the question asked by a violinist of the younger generation who lately listened to a Kreisler concerto recording: "Did he always play out of tune?" As a matter of fact, in his best days, the reply would have been a Gilbertian "Hardly ever." All the days were good when these fourteen items were	recorded, between April 1924 (*The Old Refrain*) and December 1929 (*Chanson Louis XIII*). In addition to the abundant charms of the well known pieces, the rarely heard *Gypsy Caprice* reveals Kreisler's affection for the *Salome* of Strauss (especially the "Dance of the Seven Veils"), the "Gypsy andante" (out of *Ruralia Hungarica*) is a reminder that Dohnányi wrote other music beside the Variations on a Nursery Theme, and the version of *Humoresque* affirms that it was others who vulgarized this simple tune, not Kreisler (he plays it simply). Carl Lamson shares once again the credit for work well done at the piano as he did so regularly during Kreisler's lifetime.
Poulenc: Mass in G; *Hodie Christus natus est; Quem vidistis pastores*. Somers: *God the Master of This Scene*. Russell: *Who Is at My Window, Who?* Beckwith: *Sharon Fragments*. The Festival Singers of Toronto conducted by Elmer Iseler. Seraphim stereo, S-60085, $2.49.	The Centennial Commission of Canada which provided the grant to make this recording possible has done itself and the Canadian artists promoted thereby a sound service. This includes not only the composers, but the performing ensemble, a very well trained chorus. Nothing proves the worth of a chorus master more than the singing of *a cappella* music, and the Festival Singers' performance throughout is a powerful endorse-	ment of Iseler's abilities as a choral trainer. Insofar as the musical values of Poulenc are concerned, he could indulge much more of a personalized view than he does, and permit the spark Poulenc lit in this work to flame a bit higher. The three works of Canadian composers are all well (and in the case of Beckwith, imaginatively) written.
Ravel: *Sonatine; Tombeau de Couperin; Gaspard de la nuit*. John Browning, piano. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 3028, $5.98.	Taste, facility, judgment—all these are present in marked measure in Browning's performances of Ravel (his first, to my knowledge, for the phonograph). He is particulary adjusted to the needs of the *Sonatine* for clarity and definition, and to the differentiation of moods and characters in the six sections of the *Tombeau*. He has the hands, too, for *Gaspard de la nuit*, which is not	to be said of too many pianists. What he presently doesn't offer in sufficient strength to ring the bells of "Le Gibet" to the fullest, or to convince the listener of the devilish goblin's diabolical dangerousness, is the kind of abandon that laughs at caution and takes the last wild chance at triumph or disaster. Very good piano reproduction.
Satie: *Première Gnossienne; Avant-dernières pensées; Première Sarabande; Pièces froides; Croquis et agaceries d'un gros bonhomme en bois; Première Gymnopédie;* and *Embryons desséchés*. Jacques Fevrier, piano. *Trois morceaux en forme de poire*. Jacques Fevrier and Georges Auric, piano four hands. Everest stereo, 3221, $4.98.	The recent issue of Satie complete from the hands of Aldo Ciccolini may suggest a lessening of interest in such duplication as this. That would be a miscalculation on two counts: many of the best of Satie's piano pieces (including the unique *Gnossienne* and *Gymnopédie*) are available on this single disc; and the quality of the Fevrier artistry adds much to the appeal of the works	he has chosen to perform. Some of this relates to a piano sound of uncommon clarity and definition, thus suiting Satie's dry wit perfectly; more of it relates to a superior sense of the appropriate phrasing and dynamics. Auric's addition to the resources for "Three Pieces in the Form of a Pear" broadens the base without dulling the point of the treatment. Fine sound.
Schubert: Quintet in F (Op. 166). Melos Ensemble: Emanuel Hurwitz and Ivor McMahon, violins; Cecil Aronowitz, viola; Terence Weil, cello; Adrian Beers, double bass; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Neill Sanders, horn; William Waterhouse, bassoon. Angel stereo, S-36529, $5.79.	Individually, the Melos players are as good as London has to offer in their specialities; collectively, they have played together more than enough to have that interrelated understanding that distinguishes the best chamber music ensembles from the others. There is, however, something more than a little mechanical and	machine-made about this performance, lacking the finish and loving detail that go into the custom-made, whether merchandise or music. It is too craftsmanlike to be termed perfunctory, but it does suffer from the bland kind of professionalism that suffices for the notes but not the meaning behind them. —I.K.

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three-four follows another, but there is sufficient variety in the personalities of the composers to revive and sustain interest. One can hardly have too much of the good thing that was Franz Schubert, and each side has a segment devoted to a sequence of his waltzes and *écossaises*.

The choice of material has been well made, especially in the case of Johann Strauss, Jr. The *Liebeslieder* waltzes, for all that they bear Opus No. 114, date from the early phase of his career (1852) when he was just beginning to find his own identity. The sequence, thus, is one that forms a bridge from the older, intimate style of his father and Lanner, and the symphonic structures to come. In either case, they are best played by members of the Vienna Philharmonic, which all of Boskovsky's associates are. The recording is beautifully proportioned to the music's requirements. —I. K.

Music to My Ears

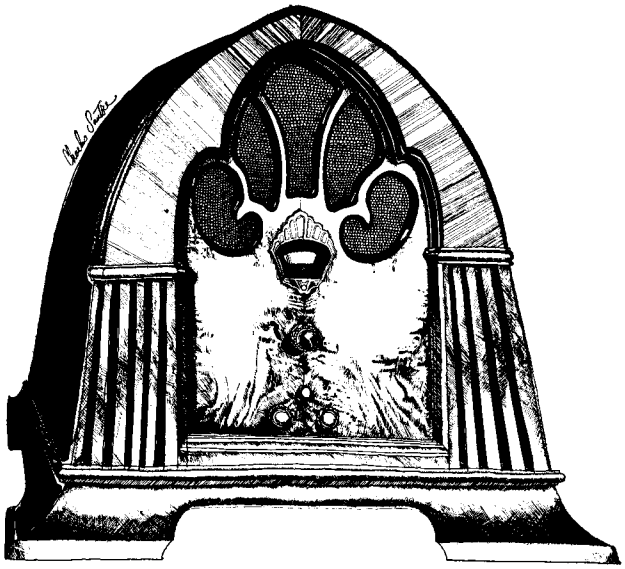
Continued from page 42

New York Philharmonic had the all-too-familiar look of one of those which used to be given in the Twenties and Thirties under such predecessor Italian "guests" as Bernardino Molinari and Toscanini himself—a Haydn symphony, an Italian "novelty," and a standard of the German repertory by Beethoven or Brahms. This time it was the No. 94 in G of Haydn and the Schumann *Rhenish* which preceded and followed the Italian work.

Confusingly, this "novelty" was nothing other than the same work favored in those Twenties and Thirties: the suite Alfredo Casella made from his ballet *La giara*. It is a skillful score and one which has its place in the history of Italian composition; but there are, certainly, contemporary Italian works more realistically entitled to such exposition.

The balance sheet of impressions gathered during Giulini's engagement did not add too much on the credit side from his performances of Haydn and Schumann. The Haydn was orderly, animated, and well phrased, but the *Surprise* in the slow movement was greater when an unscored off-stage noise (it sounded like a string on a double bass snapping) intruded than in Giulini's treatment of the scored onstage chord. He had, clearly, not achieved a solution of the problem in balance that the *Rhenish* presents. It was decidedly better in the third (slow) movement, where the timpani is silent, than in the preceding movements, where it was overpresent. But the sound of the orchestra was always Giulini's own.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 34: plays, splay, palsy.



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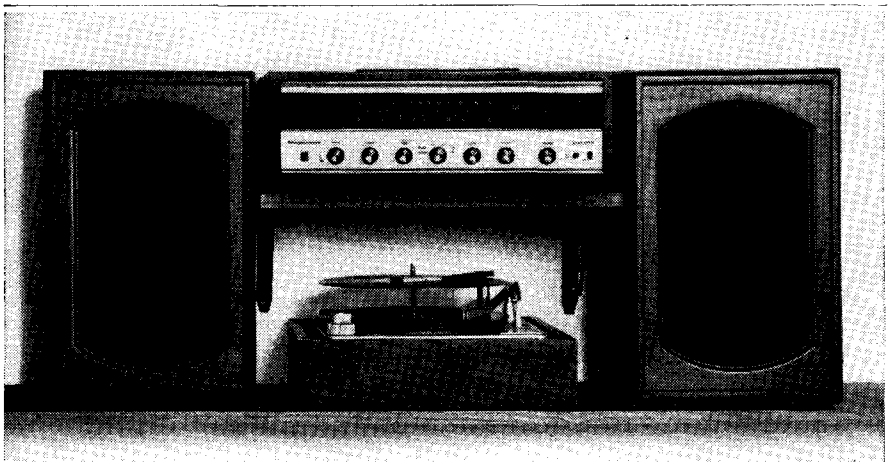

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Epic II and Others

AMONG the LPs in Epic's second group of "Encore Series" jazz reissues is a Gene Krupa set, *That Drummer's Band* (EE 22027). It seems to be made up largely of leftovers from Columbia's two-LP Krupa album (C2L 29), although hearing Roy Eldridge on some of these performances, I wonder why *they* were left over. On the earlier 1938-1940 tracks, some of the saxophone soloists, particularly, begin promisingly and fall into rhythmic awkwardness—I probably wouldn't bring this up if the liner notes didn't play fast and loose with words like "excellent." Incidentally, if anyone doubts that singer Anita O'Day's first inspiration was Martha Raye (yes, Martha Raye), let him hear this charming, youthful "Georgia on My Mind."

One interesting thing about *Free for All* (EE 22023), a collection of 1937 selections by the Artie Shaw band, is a skillful arrangement of "Night and Day," which served as a model for Shaw's big success of a year later, "Begin the Beguine." Otherwise, we hear a band that had not found itself, a band with big problems in its rhythm section, a band with its share of solos but (the leader excepted) no real soloists. Shaw himself was an expert clarinetist with ideas that, for me, repeatedly veer toward cleverness rather than meaning. One exception is certainly his "Nightmare," particularly in this version.

In any case, the album is preferable to *Artie Shaw Re-creates His Great '38 Band* (Capital ST 2992), in which Shaw, who no longer plays clarinet himself, gets a studio musician to re-create his old solos off the old records note for note, expertly, stiltedly, lifelessly. If this one sells, maybe they'll teach a computer to play like Artie Shaw.

There is much more of substance in the Epic Earl Hines collection, *Hines Rhythm* (EE 22021), which comes from 1933-34 and 1937-38. It includes a few revealing arrangements such as "Cavernism" and "Mad House," which became better known a few years later when Benny Goodman hired arranger Jimmy Mundy and Mundy brought them along. The style fit Goodman to be sure, for the Hines band's style was, like Goodman's, basically a Fletcher Henderson style.

The Hines ensemble falls into some curious, momentary lapses of tempo in "Rhythm Sundae," "Ridin' a Riff," and "Solid Mama." Among the sidemen soloists, the trumpeters come off best, it seems to me, particularly Charlie Allen, Walter Fuller, and Ray Nance. Hines's piano is remarkable on "Harlem Lament" and never less than good on such pieces as "Inspiration," "Hines Rhythm," and "Rhythm Rhapsody."

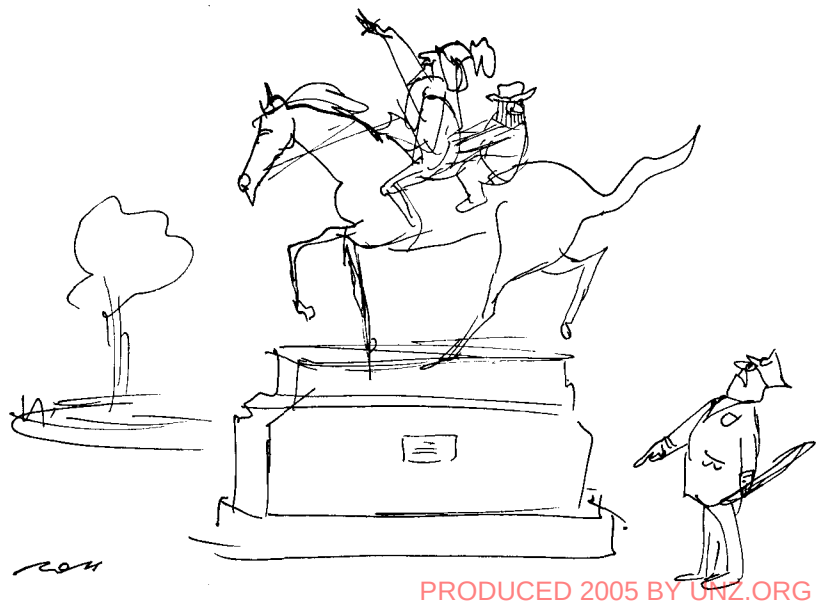
In the mid-1950s, blues singer Big Bill Broonzy was having himself a high old comeback, chiefly in England and on the Continent, as a "folk" artist. He slowed down his old blues to dirge tempo, learned folk songs off recordings, spiced his programs with anecdotes and reminiscences (some of which were undoubtedly true), and generally turned on the "country boy" charm. In truth he was charming, and musically he somehow performed it all with a winning integrity.

Big Bill's Blues (EE 22017), however, contains evidence that Broonzy was a somewhat different singer when he was making it with the urban Negro record-buyers back home in the 1930s. Broonzy was particularly fond of the "refrain" variant of the twelve-bar blues, as in such successes as "Baby, I Done Got Wise" and "Just a Dream." I also much enjoyed his dramatic, descriptive "Southern Flood Blues"; his playfully salacious, *double entendre* "Truckin' Little Woman"; and the amusing, just-this-side-of-bitterness ironies on "Looking Up at Down." The LP has Epic's usual sixteen selections, which is generous but which is of course not always good for sustained musical programing.

Pretty Woman (RCA Vintage LPV-553) finishes off the 1940s for the Vintage Duke Ellington reissues; the next set will go back to 1927 and move forward again. There are a number of vocals on the present set (including a very good one by Al Hibbler on the title piece), but it has an interesting arrangement of W. C. Handy's "Beale Street Blues" and it has two outstanding original instrumentals, first issued abroad and virtually unknown in this country, "Midriff" and "Esquire Swank" (the presence of bassist Oscar Pettiford is felt on these and throughout most of the LP, incidentally). Finally, it has two completely charming piano duets by Ellington and the late Billy Strayhorn, "Tonk" and "Drawing Room Blues," the latter probably as revealing an expression of Ellington's musical nature (but not his genius) as there is.

Which brings us to . . . *And His Mother Called Him Bill* (RCA Victor stereo, LSP-3906), a memorial recital by the Ellington orchestra of Billy Strayhorn's pieces. In a couple of cases one might question the repertory: perhaps it was selected partly on the basis of those Strayhorn pieces otherwise available on records, rather than an effort to single out, let us say, his six very best works—and his is a still living music to this orchestra. In any case, included is "Blood Count," a piece written for Johnny Hodges by Strayhorn from his hospital bed in 1967. And at the end, there is contemplative Ellington's piano solo on "Lotus Blossom," begun as the players were packing up to leave the studio and finished during a reverent silence—we may be deeply thankful the tapes were kept rolling as he played. Aside from any effort to evaluate either as a composition, each is as beautifully and movingly played as any music I have ever heard.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.



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"Switched-On Bach"

Continued from page 47

popping sounds; and urgent, telegraphic beeps—all carefully contrasted with some blatant harpsichord imitations. "It's the same thing, realized in two different kinds of instrumentation," Carlos says, ". . . done both ways at the same time; you can hear it being executed in the more traditional sense, and you can also hear the electronic equivalent, like doubling, on top of it." Adds Folkman: "And the chromaticisms in it are all lifted out of the Fantasy and Fugue, or the G-minor Organ Fugue, except for one. . . . This is the most educational section of the album. Our attempt here was to show some correspondence between modes of expression, Baroque and electronic." It is their contention that no combination of live instruments could achieve the clarity of texture of this recording. "At last, every note and line can be heard, which was among our chief purposes."

The result is a *Brandenburg* that makes me want to stand up and "conduct" and one which has inspired me to seek a replacement for the *Brandenburg* recording (Prohaska) I had previously favored. That it isn't this electronic version probably will not disappoint its creators—their point still comes across.

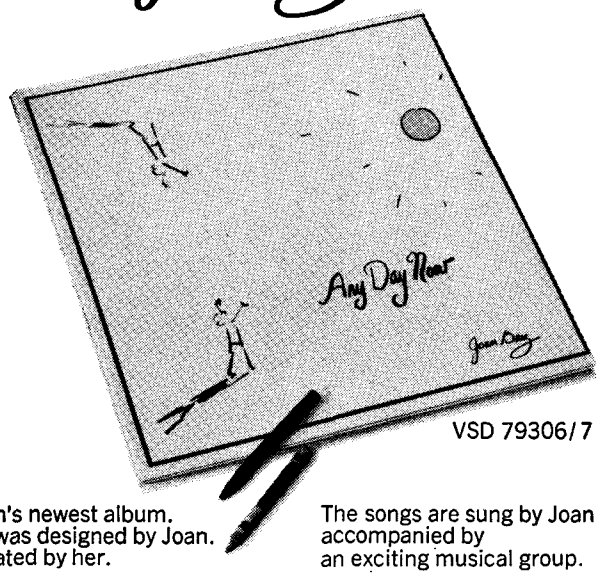
For the moment, the synthesizer remains a "performing" instrument for recording only—not for use before live audiences. That is because it is basically a linear instrument: each musical line has to be recorded separately on its own track of a multi-track tape recorder. Tape does, of course, add certain new dimensions of control, including echo and accelerated tempi. But it still stands in the way of Carlos's intention "to make electronic music as much a performing art as possible."

Considered as a live-performance medium, this means elimination of the tape recorder, first by increasing the instrument's polyphonic capabilities, then by adding a small computer to control the synthesizer. This will not be the kind of computer now used to "compose" music, but a smaller unit storing instructions for the connections that must be made and broken instantly for every note.

Playing such an instrument will require a new kind of virtuosity, an intellectual command of what each of the synthesizer's keys will "mean" from one part of the computer program to another—and perhaps some knowledge of mathematics, and the physics of why clarinets don't sound like trumpets.

Even with these new controls, the synthesizer will for quite some time be far more of a composing than a performing instrument; its virtuosi will be, like Carlos, its composers, and vice versa. But that was also true of the piano in its earliest days.

This is a collection of Bob Dylan's songs sung by Joan Baez



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The Other Side

Thomas Heinitz

"New" New Music and Old

IT IS ON records, even more than in the concert hall, that new music is having a field day just now, thanks to the arrival of DGG's sumptuous six-disc album simply entitled *avant garde*; CBS's rather belated issue of the Stockhausen *Klavierstücke;* some challenging Nonesuch discs by the Buffalo Philharmonic under Lukas Foss; and what is, according to the music critic of the London *Times*, the most important musical event of the year: Parlophone's new double album by the ever astonishing Beatles. Whether or not the last of these is as good as *Sgt. Pepper* I will leave to the decision of the group's aficionados.

The Stockhausen album, with its culinary sleeve note by the composer, has already been discussed in these pages, as have the Nonesuch discs.

DGG's set is undoubtedly essential listing for anyone wishing to keep abreast of current trends. To absorb so many new impressions will take time, but even a brief acquaintance with the contents has revealed much that is rewarding. Only one disc is orchestral, but it is probably the most essential of the entire album since it couples two major Stockhausen compositions—*Gruppen*, for three orchestras, and *Carré*, for four orchestras and four choirs—both splendidly performed and as well recorded as is possible under two-channel methods. Another composer who has a disc all to himself is the Argentinian, Mauricio Kagel. His Music for Renaissance Instruments uses a large ensemble of recorders, viols, krummhorns, and other instruments of the period in a thoroughly un-Renaissance-like manner; while *Match for Three Players* confronts two cellists in a fascinating spatial contest, with a percussion player occupying the "umpire's chair" in the middle.

There is also a disc of string quartets by Lutoslawski, Penderecki, and Mayuzumi: one contains organ works by Kagel, Juan Allende-Blin, and Gyorgy Ligeti; another features choral compositions by David Bedford (the only English composer represented here), Ligeti, Arne Mellnäs, and Marek Kopelent; and the third is a solo turn by the brilliant Yugoslav trombonist Vinke Globekar, who plays with breathtaking aplomb.

There are no new Decca-group issues at year's end, but EMI offers a list that, although comparatively brief, is by no means lacking in interest. Pride of place undoubtedly belongs to the new Boult recording of Vaughan Williams's *Sea Symphony*, an early work but splendid and thoroughly characteristic, which is here performed magnificently by Sheila Armstrong, John Carol Case, and the London Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra; while the recording (which also contains the music for *The Wasps*) is one of EMI's finest to date. The recent revival of interest in the music of Delius has produced a disc containing *Songs of Sunset*, *Cynara*, and *Arabesque*, admirably performed by the ubiquitous Janet Baker and John Shirley-Quirk, with the Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra of Liverpool under its permanent conductor, Charles Groves, and beautifully recorded.

From Russia comes another splendid Melodiya disc of music by Shostakovich, coupling the entertaining Ninth Symphony with the cantata *The Execution of Stepan Razin*, both finely performed under Kondrashin's direction. The eagerly awaited new Angel disc of Mahler's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, sung by Schwarzkopf and Fischer-Dieskau, with Szell conducting the London Symphony, strikes me as mildly disappointing. Schwarzkopf is in good form, though her studied, folksy naïveté is a little trying at times; but F-D mixes excellent singing with outrageous hamming (in "Revelge," for example); the orchestral contribution is first-rate and the recording good.

By one of those strange coincidences to which the gramophone is prone, CBS also announced a new version of the same work this month, though it is in fact quite a different kind of recording. Made at a public concert in Vienna, it offers thirteen of these songs (the usual dozen, plus "Urlicht") in Mahler's original piano-accompanied versions. Christa Ludwig and Walter Berry are the singers, and the pianist is none other than Leonard Bernstein, who "orchestrates" Mahler's keyboard writing with astonishing skill. It is by no means a flawless performance, and the recording is not ideally comfortable, but thanks to the commitment of all three participants—Ludwig, in particular, contributes some glorious singing—the disc provides a really vital musical experience of the kind rarely, if ever, achieved in the sober atmosphere of a recording studio.

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Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn 10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still some money left over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

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Chang Sook writes to the Selettis. She also sends small homemade gifts to Alexandra. And she tells them of her dreams of becoming a nurse. She'll probably make it. If she does, the Seletti's investment in one girl will be repaid a thousand-fold.

The Selettis know they can't save the whole world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Selettis. How about you?

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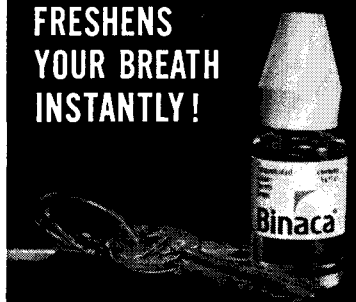

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Letters to the Recordings Editor

D'Oyly Carte in Nippon

I HAVE JUST HAPPENED on a letter from Reginald Allen of the Metropolitan Opera Association regarding the doings of the D'Oyly Carte Company and questioning whether they toured Japan in 1923 [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, Nov. 30]. My husband and I were living in Japan at that time and remember very well that it was *not* the D'Oyly Carte Company on tour —*The Mikado* was not given—that would have been unthinkable *lèse-majesté*! Which reminds me of an Italian opera company which rashly gave *Butterfly* at about this same time—with outlandish costuming and staging—and the audience laughed so much they had to ring down the curtain.

MRS. LOIS W. CRANE,
Leesburg, Va.

More "Pop in Perspective"

I AM GLAD that pop music has been given a place in *SR* ["Pop in Perspective," *SR*, Oct. 26]. After all, did not Mozart compose "pop" music? I find Ellen Sander to be a generally objective reviewer, unlike her colleague Nik Cohn (*sic*), who delights in putting down the Beatles at every turn of the table.

I wish that Miss Sander would comment on "Revolution 9." I feel that this Beatle work does not compare to many of the sound collages of the great master of the tape recorder and satirist Frank Zappa.

HAROLD CRONSON,
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Beatles by the Numbers

WITHOUT TAKING actual issue with Ellen Sander over the Beatles review ["The Beatles: Plain White Wrapper," *SR*, Dec. 28], I would like to make a couple of points concerning the record. First, the most important feature of the cover is the serial number, something few reviewers seem to notice. Secondly, I prefer Freddie ("Tallahassee Lassie") Cannon over Fats Domino as a reference for "Back in the U.S.S.R." Thank you.

L. W. COULSON, III,
Providence, R.I.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Thank you, too. The serial number is SWBO-101, for those who may be curious.*

The Anti-Garbage

IT IS INDEED regrettable that Julius B. Kaiser [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, Nov. 30] can be so biased as to castigate Ellen Sander's article, "Pop in Perspective," which, had he taken the time to read it, would have given him some perception of the musical phenomenon he so blindly refers to as "garbage."

I would like to express my appreciation for your impartiality in presenting "Pop in Perspective." Although, it would naturally appeal to the younger set, its veritable merit is the enlightenment which it affords those of us who are "more chronologically advanced" than most of the pop artists.

Leonard Bernstein did not consider it *infra dignitatem* to commend the Beatles. I wonder if Mr. Kaiser has expurgated his record library of Bernstein performances in view of that conductor's "self-denigration"?

I am happy to say of, at least, some of the popular music, "I can dig it."

JAMES R. CARROLL,
Futenma, Okinawa.

Budapest or Nazipest?

I READ with considerable interest the article "Farewell to the Budapest Quartet" [*SR*, Nov. 30]. This was due to the fact that I had attended a concert of this Quartet in German-occupied Czechoslovakia in late January of 1945—or so I thought until I read Alan M. Kriegsman's account.

The chamber music played by this Quartet at the Königgrätz City Library was billed as a performance of the Budapest Quartet, to the best of my recollection; the predominantly Czech audience in attendance (plus several airmen, girl draftees, and officers from the nearby German Air Base) responded enthusiastically to the performance. It sounds weird—but could there have been a quartet of impostors, tolerated, possibly created, by the German Cultural Ministry, possibly to humor or dupe the Czech audiences into believing Germany was all for "culture, culture über alles"? (I was one of the German teen-age draftees who had managed to get a pass to attend the event, and wouldn't have known whether those quite talented chamber musicians were for real or not.) Any chance of clearing up this mystery (before I die of curiosity)?

RUTH WEDDLE,
Granada Hills, Calif.

Hauser in Israel

PERMIT ME to comment on the fine article about the Budapest Quartet by Alan Kriegsman. On page 84 (in the third paragraph of the first column), the article states that Emil Hauser went to Palestine where he helped to establish a symphony orchestra. Actually, Mr. Hauser founded the Jerusalem Conservatory.

At a time when the British Mandatory Government had severely restricted Jewish immigration, Hauser was able to persuade them to grant a number of Immigration Certificates for music students in Germany and Austria. At that time a visa meant the difference between staying alive or not. After the Anschluss, Hauser went to Germany and Austria to audition young music students. As one of those whom he was able to rescue from Vienna, I am sure I speak for many musicians when I say that we will always be grateful to him. Since this took place after Hauser left the Budapest Quartet, your writer had no way of knowing about it.

WALTER HAUTZIG,
New York, N.Y.

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Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 21

of film) is essentially "unstructured . . . nonlinear . . . multisensory environment . . ." or it is ". . . modern man's morality play . . ." replete with ". . . challenging comments on what it means to be human." It cannot be both at the same time.

Certainly *The Graduate* is much more like *Star Trek* than it is like *Flicker*. Not to see that "young people want to talk about Ben's hang-up . . ." precisely because it is a linear, structured—if multisensory—message, is to apply the dogma of McLuhanism uncritically. If film is to be the "anti-environmental . . . happening" precipitated by *Flicker*, pot and LSD (I am told) are far more efficient.

VINCENT LANIER, Head,
Department of Art Education,
University of Oregon,
Eugene, Ore.

Man and the Moon

THOSE WHO SCOFFED at the idea of man reaching the moon are among those who scoff at the idea of a truly universal government for this planet.

Perhaps those who showed that it was possible to travel to the moon may now turn that same imagination, intellect, energy, and courage to the goal of establishing an effective, democratic, universal government—one that would direct the peaceful and sane progress of science on earth and beyond. Man need be no further from effective world government than he is from the moon.

SHELDON MALEV,
Rutherford, N.J.

The Survivor

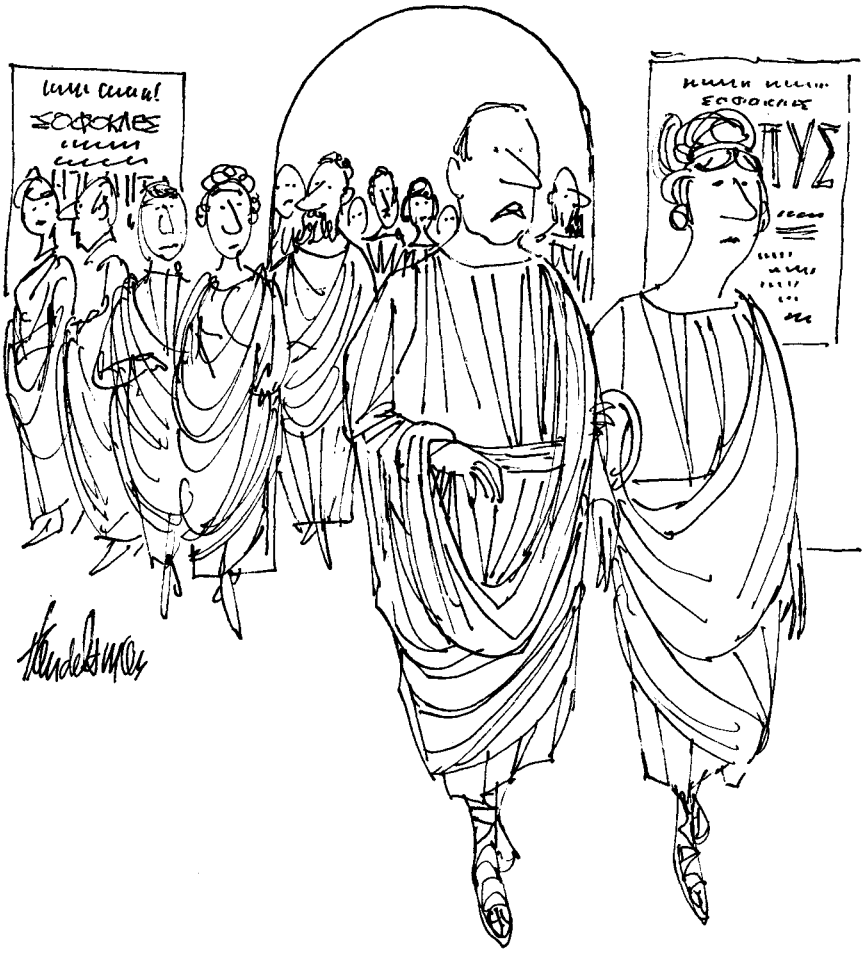
ONE EX-CHICAGOAN became homesick upon reading Katharine Kuh's column, "Homage to Chicago" [THE FINE ARTS, Dec. 28]. It was good to be reminded that there is a Chicago of Burnham, Sullivan, Root, van der Rohe, et al., which will survive even Mayor Daley and his minions.

NORMA M. BRANDE,
Fredonia, N.Y.

Attaching the Name

MAY I CORRECT a minor error in Robert Lewis Shayon's welcome recollection of the "Sounds of Poverty" documentary radio series ["A 'No' to Question-Begging," TV-RADIO, Dec. 14]. The programs were not produced by National Educational Radio, supported by The Johnson Foundation of Racine, Wisconsin. They were written and produced by myself *for* The Johnson Foundation and given a subsidized airing over NER member stations. I am proud of them and would be pleased if my name were properly attached to the effort.

BERT COWLAN,
New York, N.Y.



"I'm not so sure that Sophocles is sick. I think Sophocles may be telling us that we're sick."

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(Continued on page 64)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 63)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1816

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. International agreement; settlement of questions among nations.	1 22 40 48 68 86
B. County in north central Eire.	92 111 116 121 132 148 161 167 170
C. Byzantine empress, wife of Justinian I.	172 173 187 189 3 8 20 30
D. Groom.	41 76 90 107 120 127 134
E. Disorganized.	137 144 152 164 182 28 39 126
F. Summary of related information.	150 160 178 188 32 77 91
G. Deceived mischievously.	129 133 156 65 80 147
H. Seizure; tenure; trade.	149 179 53 106 113 125 128 141 185 15
I. Depreciation; a lessening in worth.	47 56 87 93 103 119 139 4 11 29
J. Giraffe.	57 101 177 14 49 84 105 163 9 38
K. He wrote *The Secret Self* and *Of Love and Lust.*	43 64 98 23
L. Unexpected repercussion.	37 82 109 114 122 61 102 181 66
M. Ditch.	94 117 124 143 145

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Capital of Georgian SSR.	10 27 12 18 33 54
O. Bulwark, safeguard.	89 108 159 192 44 85 72
P. Where many a college student has waited (2 wds.)	99 112 16 42 19 63 67 75
Q. Having no basis in fact.	78 171 186 193 59 73 110 135
R. Makes unavoidable.	138 153 79 95 169 184 50 55 21 35 71 7
S. A Chinese capital.	45 6 2 155 130 31
T. Common lyrical sobriquet for a type of horse (2 wds.)	136 194 158 131 17 69 100 25
U. Rube.	58 74 46 5 104 142 183
V. Against difficulties.	123 176 180 52 154 195
W. Oldest and wisest of the Greeks in the Trojan War.	157 146 97 51 81 115
X. Something exquisitely delicate.	83 88 26 34 62 70 168 36
Y. Convenience; relief.	151 191 96 174 13 162 118 190
Z. Pierce; perplex; screen.	140 60 165 166 175 24

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

	1 A	2 S	3 C		4 I	5 U		6 S		7 R	8 C	9 J	10 N		11 I	12 N							
	13 Y	14 J	15 H	16 P	17 T	18 N		19 P	20 C	21 R	22 A	23 K	24 Z	25 T		26 X							
27 N	28 E	29 I		30 C	31 S	32 F		33 N	34 X		35 R	36 X	37 L	38 J	39 E								
40 A	41 D	42 P	43 K	44 O	45 S	46 U		47 I	48 A	49 J	50 R	51 W	52 V	53 H	54 N								
55 R	56 I	57 J	58 U	59 Q	60 Z	61 L	62 X	63 P		64 K	65 G	66 L	67 P	68 A	69 T	70 X							
71 R	72 O	73 Q		74 U		75 P	76 D	77 F	78 Q	79 R	80 G		81 W	82 L		83 X							
84 J	85 O	86 A		87 I	88 X	89 O	90 D		91 F	92 B	93 I	94 M	95 R	96 Y	97 W	98 K							
99 P	100 T	101 J	102 L		103 I	104 U	105 J	106 H	107 D	108 O	109 L	110 Q	111 B	112 P		113 H							
114 L	115 W	116 B	117 M	118 Y	119 I	120 D		121 B	122 L	123 V	124 M	125 H	126 E	127 D		128 H							
129 G	130 S		131 T	132 B	133 G	134 D		135 Q	136 T	137 E	138 R	139 I	140 Z	141 H	142 U	143 M							
	144 E	145 M	146 W	147 G		148 B	149 H	150 F	151 Y		152 E	153 R	154 V	155 S		156 G							
157 W	158 T		159 O	160 F	161 B	162 Y		163 J	164 E	165 Z		166 Z	167 B	168 X	169 R								
170 B	171 Q	172 C		173 C	174 Y	175 Z	176 V		177 J	178 F	179 H	180 V		181 L	182 E	183 U							
	184 R	185 H	186 Q	187 C		188 F	189 C	190 Y		191 Y	192 O		193 Q	194 T	195 V								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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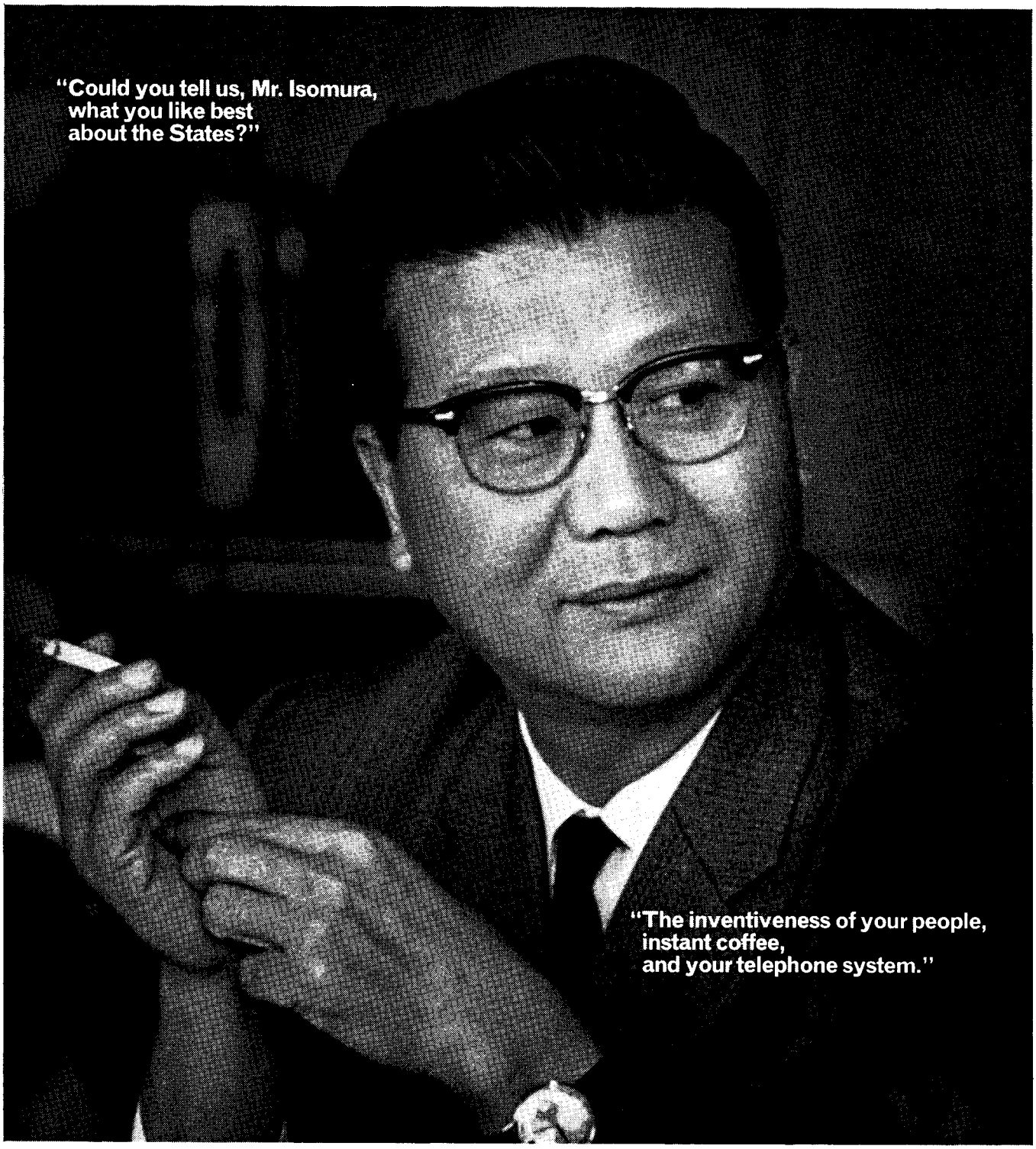
"Could you tell us, Mr. Isomura, what you like best about the States?"
"The inventiveness of your people, instant coffee, and your telephone system."

We asked Mr. K. Isomura, president of Panasonic, Matsushita Electric Corporation of America, about his first impressions of this country:

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United. The Hawaiian High Way.

United makes Hawaii just a whoop and holler away.

Hawaii? All it takes to get there is a United Credit Card and a few hours' time.

We'll let you charge everything.

Get together with your Travel Agent. He'll not only build your trip, he'll arrange for you to get our Credit Card, too.

That's the magic card that lets you charge air fare, hotel, meals, rental car – even sightseeing trips. And lets you pay for your vacation a little each month, if you wish.

See how easy United makes Hawaii? That's why they call us the Hawaiian High Way.

Come on over with us and whoop it up.

fly the friendly skies of United.

"Whoopee!"

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